MEET ME IN KOREA

Emil

DAY TRIP TOURS & WWWG Productions Ltd.
JUNE 2018 SUMMER CATALOG ISSUE # 3
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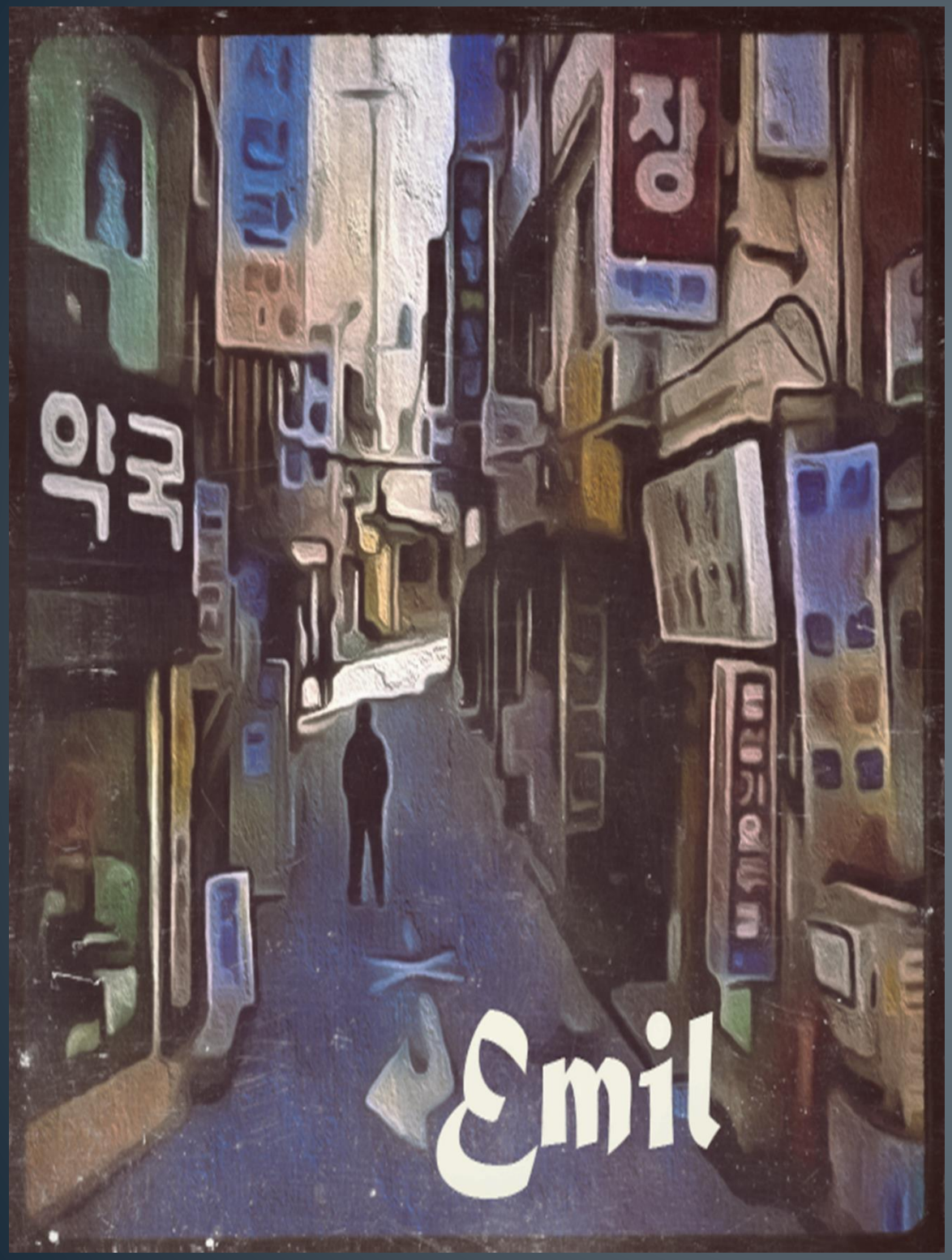
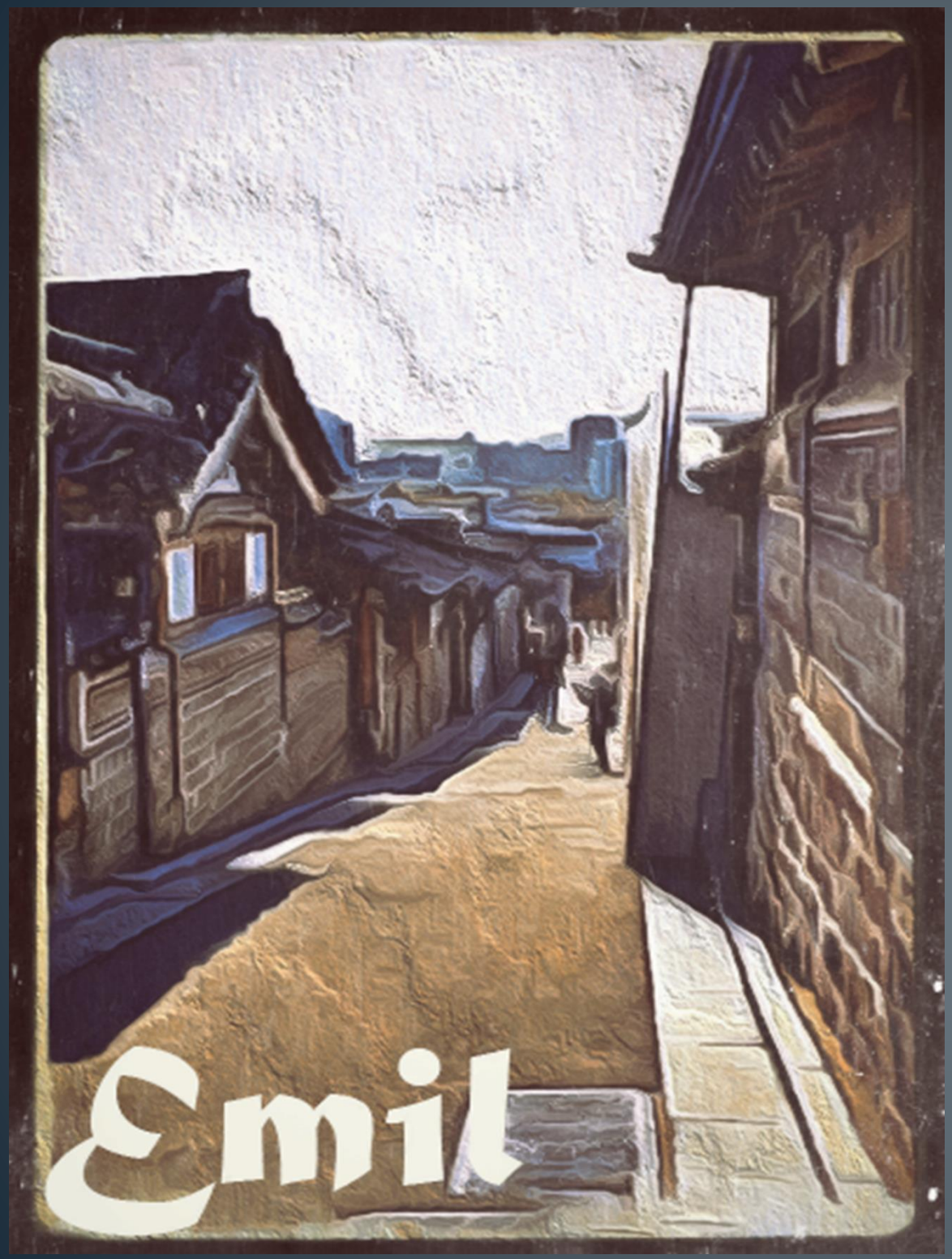
Greeting Emil Fans and Supporters!
As many of you already know, Emil was asked, asked in a the polite and friendly way of the Korean People to leave due to the every changing political narrative and due to Emil's world-famous, rude dog way of dealing with sensitive issues like dealing with the Leader of North Korea.
We have tried to piece together the true story from Emil's random telexes and scribblings that he emailed before leaving.
Emil loves Korea for all the same reasons that his father hated it…I submit that they lived in different times and there was a war raging when Emil's dad was in Korea.
The photo essay was started before the events of expulsion and was originally titled "All About in My Neighborhood"
Seine Lagone

“Sad to leave ya but, it's time to go...”
Not really my words...rather, they are from a very old song - whose title and artist escapes me now.
Anyway...
The time has come for me to venture back out into the world in order to seek wealth and fortune…
Really?
You really believe that shit?
Well, it was the Korean Government that told me to get-a-moving-along...that, my job as well as my welcome had become thread-worn and was immediately considered, it was all done, the tide has sailed and all that was left for me to do was to pack up my kit bag and be in the process of leaving town...leaving the country, ASAP…



Like right now without delay!
Seems they were not happy about (amongst other things) my Dennis Rodman comments and when, I openingly pondered if it was more that the current American Government, like those who came before, had punted the crisis, it felt like they had, they just up and paid the Jolly Little Guy - another term that the new PC Section of the Foreign Ministry took a very strong dislike to my use of the term...I asked, you know me!
It ends up..."we can say that but, you can't...he is our Jolly Little Guy!"
It sure was looking like the might world powers (not Austin Powers but, might as well had been) had just slipped the Honorable gentleman (OK? PC Monitors?), they gave him a couple hundred million



USD under the table and told him to behave...rather than, the victory, the man-o-mano, cage match to the death between him and The Donald and it was this thrashing that brought him to the table for talks.

How quickly things changed and how quickly everyone is minding their "P's & Q's" here in Seoul...

Where will I go?

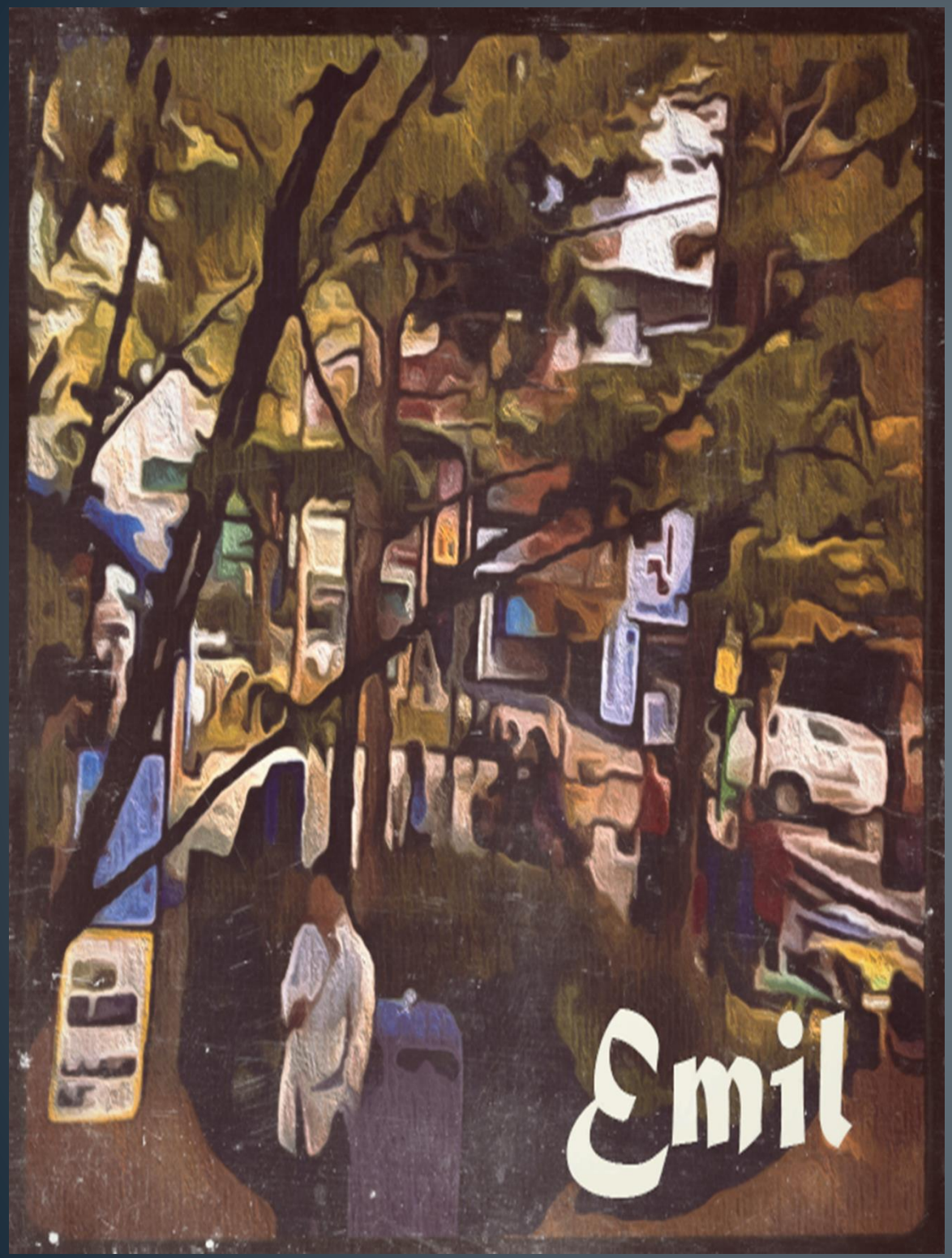
Hell if I know...?

There is the remains of that book tour in Central Asia that I abandoned when I fled WWWG's Dictatorship and fled to unpaid sanctuary in Southern India...

May, just go down to Singapore and sleep on WWWG's front couch...at least, until they pay me... ALA the Honorable Guy from Northern Korea and let them slip

me some money to just go away...I promise to behave…at least for a while…It is an economics sale, the more you pay me, the better I will be and the longer I will not bother you…Play to Play…WWWG!
So, this is an alert to my faithful followers, I will be absent without leave for the coming period of time...
Sorry Bill Collectors!
I may have the internet or not but, I will try to keep you updated as events unfold...
Was that a knock?
No at the door?
Just a courtesy wake-up from the PC Police of Immigration and their kind offer to drive me out to the airport...
Such nice guys...
They really are!
Love the Korean People!

Normally the guys said that they wouldn't have been nice but...you see my dad was kind of a War Hero...here...
So, they said that they were told to be respectful of that but, implied that if I keep on typing, they might (with best intent) have to break my fingers and throw my laptop out of my plastic windows...
I chuckled, as they didn't understand that I have a Panasonic Toughbook...
OK! Shameless plug and promotion...
But, I could see an endorsement video...
"Fingers broken but, the Toughbook, just keeps on typing..."
Got to go...
Off to the airport...
Destiny is calling me home.
Live Free or Die…But bonds…two



two chickens in every pot and if the scumbag politicos around FDR hadn't made him replace Henry Wallace as his proposed running mate…for some machine own politico from Missouri… Some guy named Truman…
If it had not been for that, there would have been no cold war and the billions wasted in my generation's pissing contest between us and the Russians could have, it would have made, it would have solved all of the world's many fouls and I have no doubt, that I would be writing this from the back seat of my flying car…
Like on the Jetsons!
Bet there wouldn't even be a North Korea!
Google It!
See if I am wrong!
Down the rabbit hole of "What could of… What should of…What might have been."

Emil

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REX
심화 페인트
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태영

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SQUARE

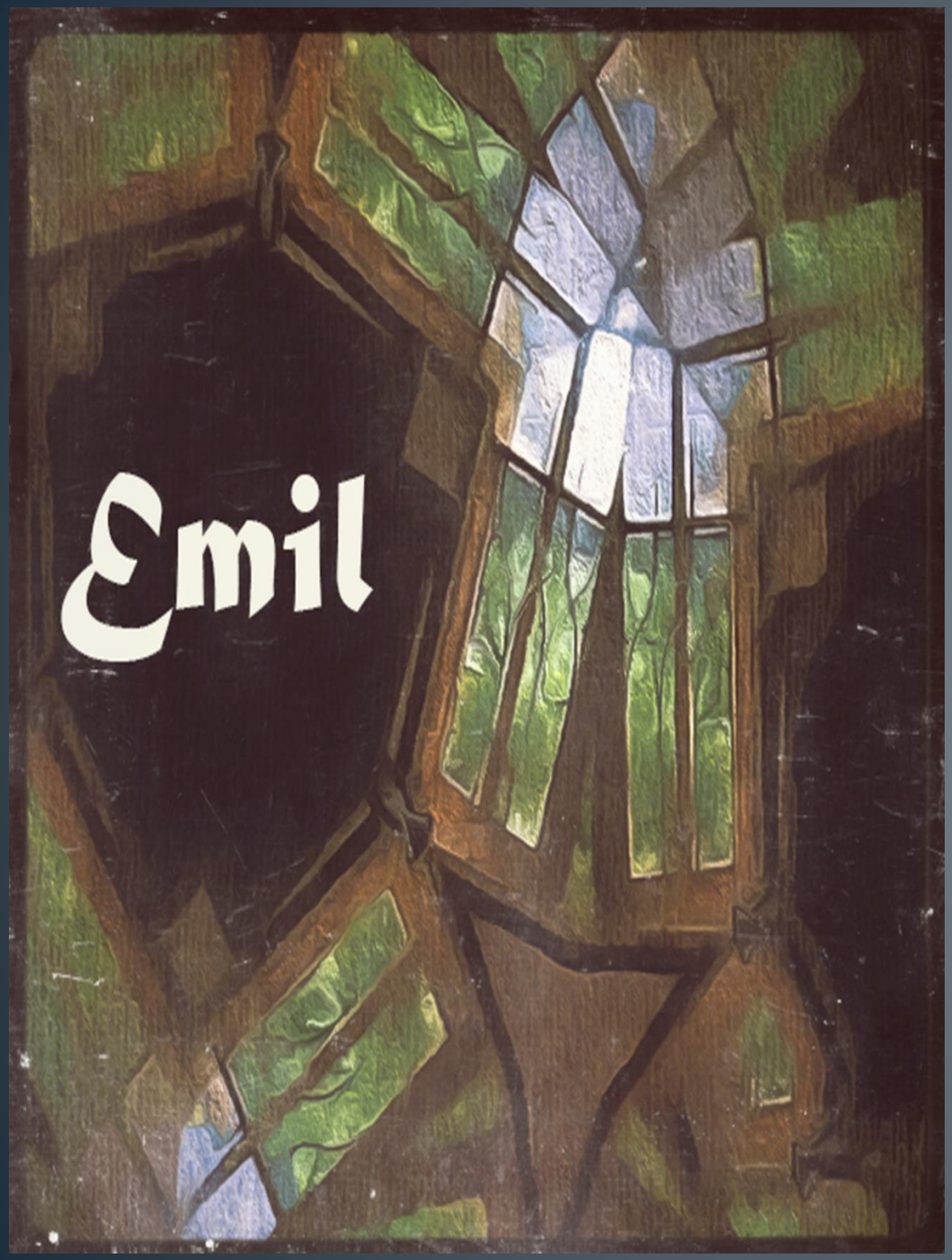
Emil

Emil

We arrived at the Airport late.
I was feeling lazy and it was just so damn cold...my blood is awful thin...so here I sat...dejected, lost in my thoughts listening to Jackson Browne cry about every man...every man...why, yes...we are here in the airport lounge with all of the other stranded, left over from the 1980's...here, hanging with all these leisure suited lizards...
What else could I do?
Changed my money and I thought I was rich....almost 20,000 won...especially looking at prices...5.3 or 4.3...which I though meant 5.3 won...
Can you imagine how much I can buy?
Where to start?
Go crazy...
Buy the extra-large American coffee...
Extreme pastry too?

Yes!
Why not?
Only to find out that was 5,300 won not 5 (never thought that the point three might be a red flag, a warning sign to prevent me from being stupid but, somehow this slid right by me without even a wink)...
Then, everything went sideways and I'm talking (actually in a rather loud, touristy voice) about reporting them to the airport authorizes, expose them for the crooks and robbers that they are...
“Some men rob you with a gun, some with an overpriced cup of American coffee…”
Then, then...they replied...they said something...actual a lot in loud, untouristy Korean...which I assume was rather rude and totally without social redeeming value...something that invoked some sort

of plague upon me and even to the extended members of my family - the joke is on them as most of them already hate me and me to them) by this point, they are backed up by airport jackboots and amateur storm troopers...
"Shut up, bubba...remember China?"
My mind tries to warn my still wagging voice.
"Turn around now..."
I feebly try to warn myself...
"Walk away, right now! As the plane leaves at 2 pm"
Since, it now seems, I have wasted and squandered away my great fortune on a semi large cup of coffee and a stale pastry...as the crook and his storm troopers look on with the smirky smile of their victory...



Yet another rube fleeced, robbed and sent on his way...hopefully, somewhat richer for the experience...as Jackson Browne sings about legal tender and about children waiting for the ice cream vender...I am reduced to sitting with the other rubes, wasting away, here in the departure lounge...

Anyway...This is to let you know that I will be late, as they only booked me to Los Angles and the guy told me that I will need to deal with United Airline...you know the ones who drag paying customers off their planes...

Thanks to God, I'm not Asian or Arab...they would drop me in the ocean...one more battle with the greedy corporate masters of America...once more into the breech and one last chance to be beaten into a bloody pile of rags...and make the no fly list...

Once more into the breach...
Come the revolution!
But, then, even, Ole Barry Sanders deserted us in the end and last I saw of him...he was sucking up to Goldman Saks and the other of the Wall Street robber barons...asking if they would give him a half a million for a speech like Hillary...
Damn...the MOS Burgers look and smell so good...add some mustard and a pickle...Korean beef...smells like chicken...
Sadly...no KFC here...no last bastion of Americana with eleven secret spices that made America great...praying for war...drop a cruise missile here...Mister Trump....I actually would like to volunteer a local establishment....to see that crooked vender smile just as the camera view cuts out on the CNN video...like the Gulf War.

To which, Jackson Brown added...bring your own redemption when you come... "Arlo…Arlo Guthrie?" Is that you on TWA? Can you hear that anciently old, song as it fills and overflows into my every thought and is like, so...it's stuck, branded into the very fiber of my tried and troubled...my simple brain (some would say this verifies the extend of my craziness...just like my buddy...The Don)...don't you hate that? The last song, you hear before you leave is stuck, etched into the Nanos of your gray matter and is impossible to get rid of..."Coming into Los Angles, bringing in a couple of keys...don't touch my bag, if you please, Mister Custom's Man..." as I was truly tripping on the escalator...trying to remember the second chorus...

You all can join in and sing along with "Mitch"... Oops! Me...Sorry!

Yet another lame 1960's reference that just went over your head and was the determining factor to click to another post...

"Coming in from London from over the pole
Flying in a big airliner
Chicken flying everywhere around the plane
Could we ever feel much finer?
Coming into Los Angeles
Bringing in a couple of keys
Don't touch my bags if you please
Mister customs man, yeah!"

Smil

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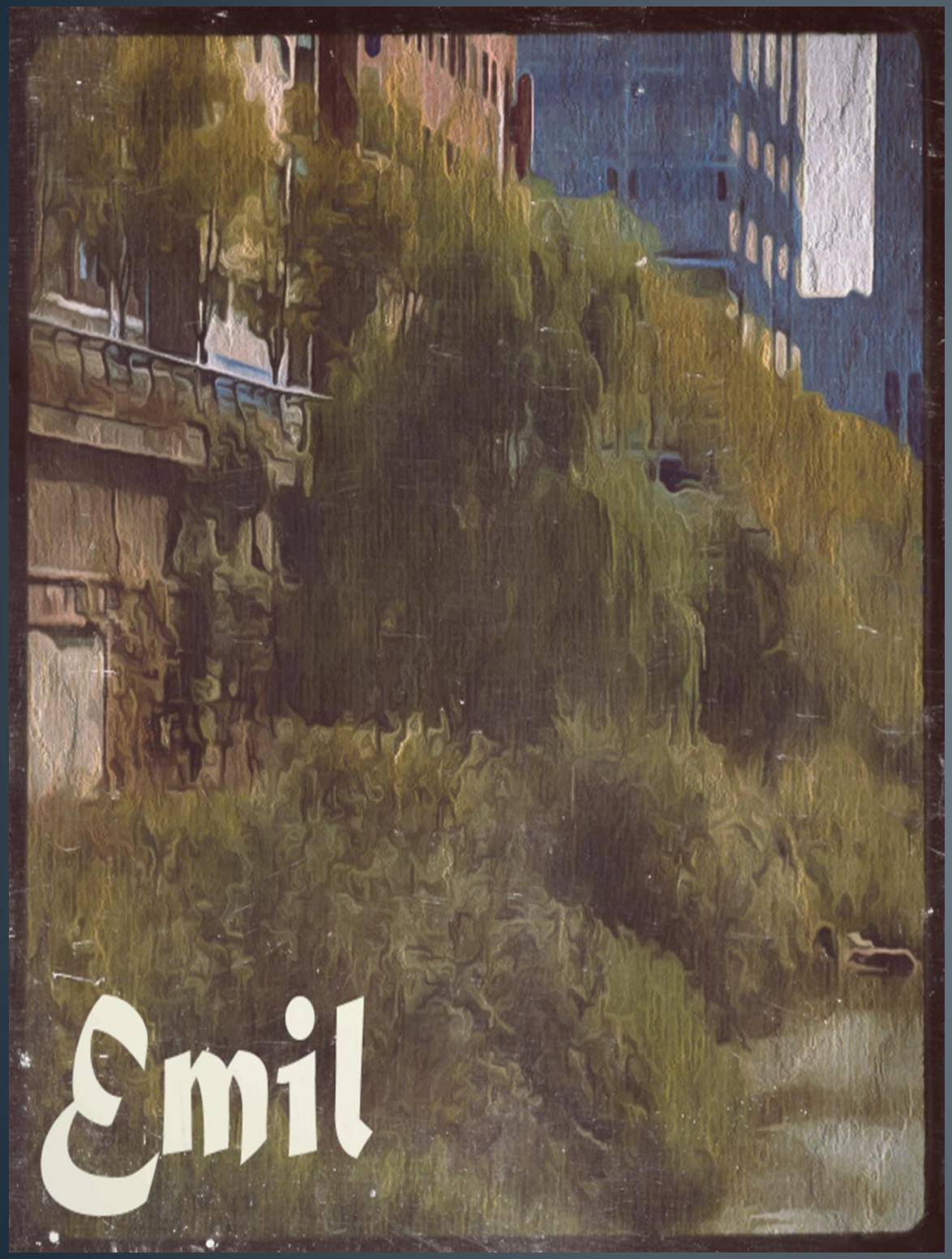


January 1, 2018

Wasted a great deal of today remembering, so fondly, back to the much warmer days of this late Summer here in Seoul...as today's, too blistering, cold wouldn't allow you to do much otherwise due to the constant, the ever fear of flash freezing to your nose and/or the, ever near, fear of frostbite...to both your nose and toes...

Last night I had to turn on the stove in an effort to assist my flat's "the little train that wished he could" heater in keeping the apartment (at least) a little warm...instead, the constant humidity seeping in from cracks in the walls and these semi-comical, these plastic windows, met the warm air created by running all the burners on the stove...the warm and cold air battled in the middle of my living

January 1, 2018

forming an actual storm cloud, then, it started to rain right here, in the middle of my living room...

I am somewhat cranky as I have been up since before dawn, cleaning up this mess...

Yet, another tale of living poor in Seoul...

Heard some kids from the nearby college and apparently, it is no longer cool to quote Dylan or Zappa…maybe, they are just lit majors in their first years of studies but, one turned to the other (as we stood in line to order coffee at the College Canteen…it's a damn bit cheaper than Starbucks…Thank You! And they don't ask for a student ID) and I swear to you…the one student said:

"The healing power of words lands where it does the most good now.

January 1, 2018

William Shakespeare wrote, No legacy is so rich as honesty."

WOW!

Who would have known?

Interesting...

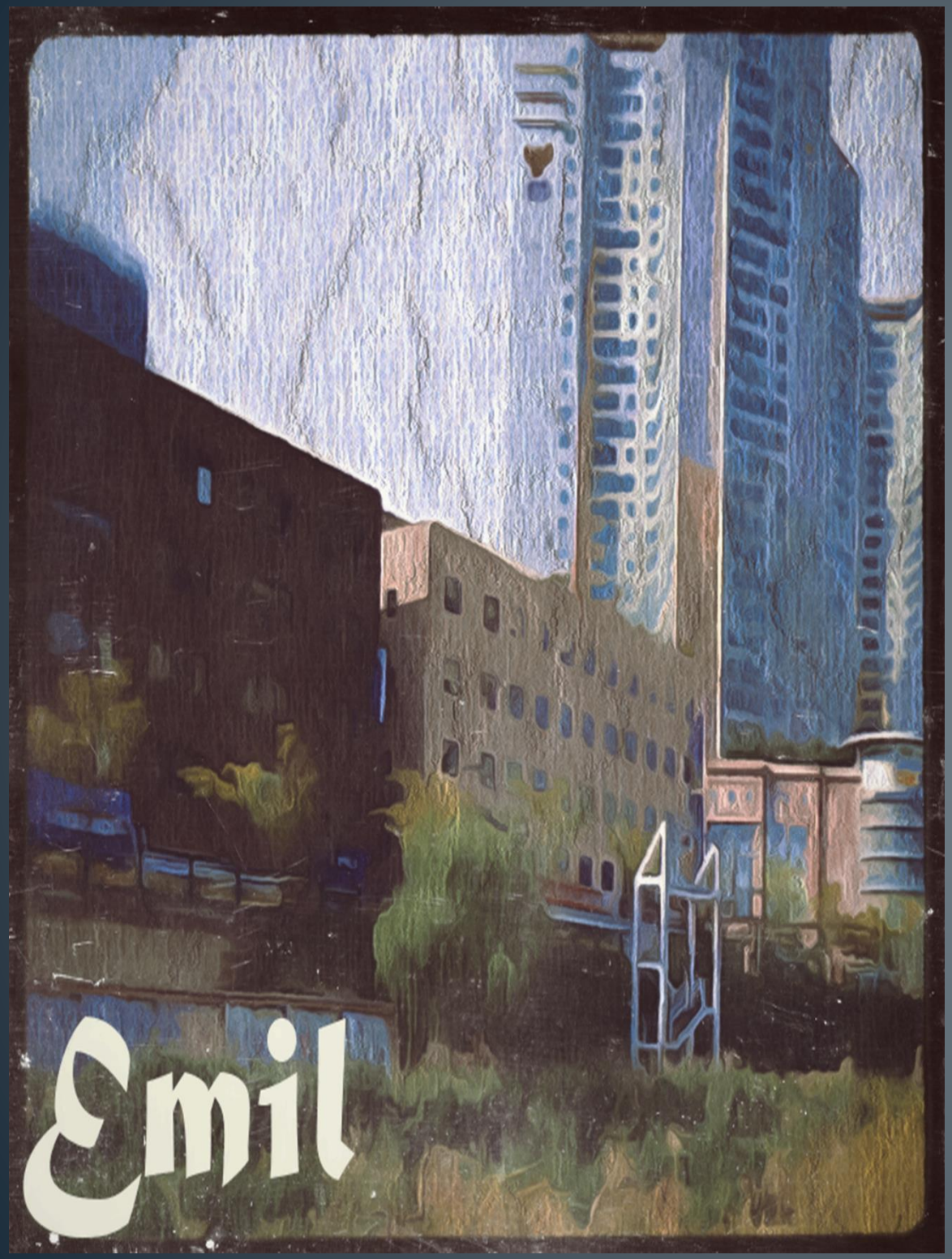
I tend to disagree and I joined in on the conversation to lecture them in broken Korean mixed with broken English and was trying to make the point that in this brave new age, truth is an endangered species much the same as my conversation with the two student, it was over quicker that I could finish expressing my thoughts…

They fled in a panicked jog leaving their coffee still warm on the table.

I know you are saying

"Can he be…could he be that cheap?

My Grandfather said to never yet good



January 1, 2018

cup of hot coffee go to waste…

Of course, he actually said that during World War 2…

when coffee was rationed and always in short supply.

Remind me to make a note of my success here…for my upcoming blog on "Confessions of a Cheap Traveler."

Actually took the second coffee back to my flat for a late afternoon pick-me-upper.

Wonder if this works at Starbucks?

To those who scold me…I say, you must not understand what it is like to have 100 Won to your name and needed coffee to get your mind started. Those who do, they don't scold me, they take notes and sent me recycled, thank you cards…sent with used stamps…Come the Revolution!

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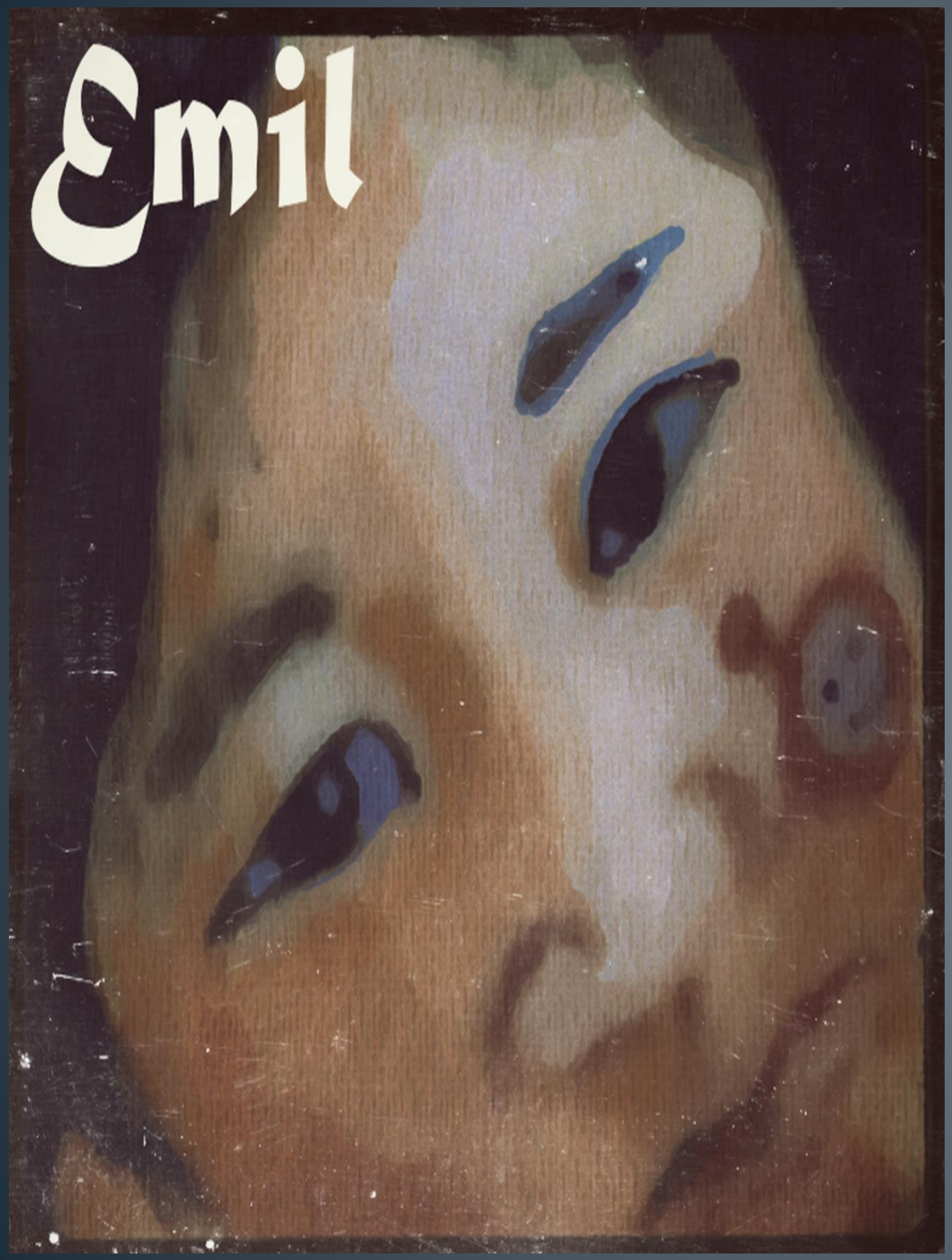


January 3, 2018

MY EDITORIAL TWO-CENTS:

The Don needs to really consider making Dennis Rodman our first ambassador to the North...not joking!

He has a touch with, especially, the Jolly Little Guy in the North...

Peace could be at Hand...!

Send Dennis to cut a deal...The Don likes and trusts the Rodman too...everyone wins...Just thinking...

Peace in our time...

Have Disney build a new park and flood the country with Americana at a bargain price...subsidize the building of KFCs and McDonalds in every town...I understand and appreciate the misguided economic concern(s) over such a large, upfront investment but, think long term of being in, on the ground floor of an expansion

January 3, 2018

MY EDITORIAL TWO-CENTS:

nationwide...then, again...

What is Peace in Our Time truly worth to the world community?

Again...

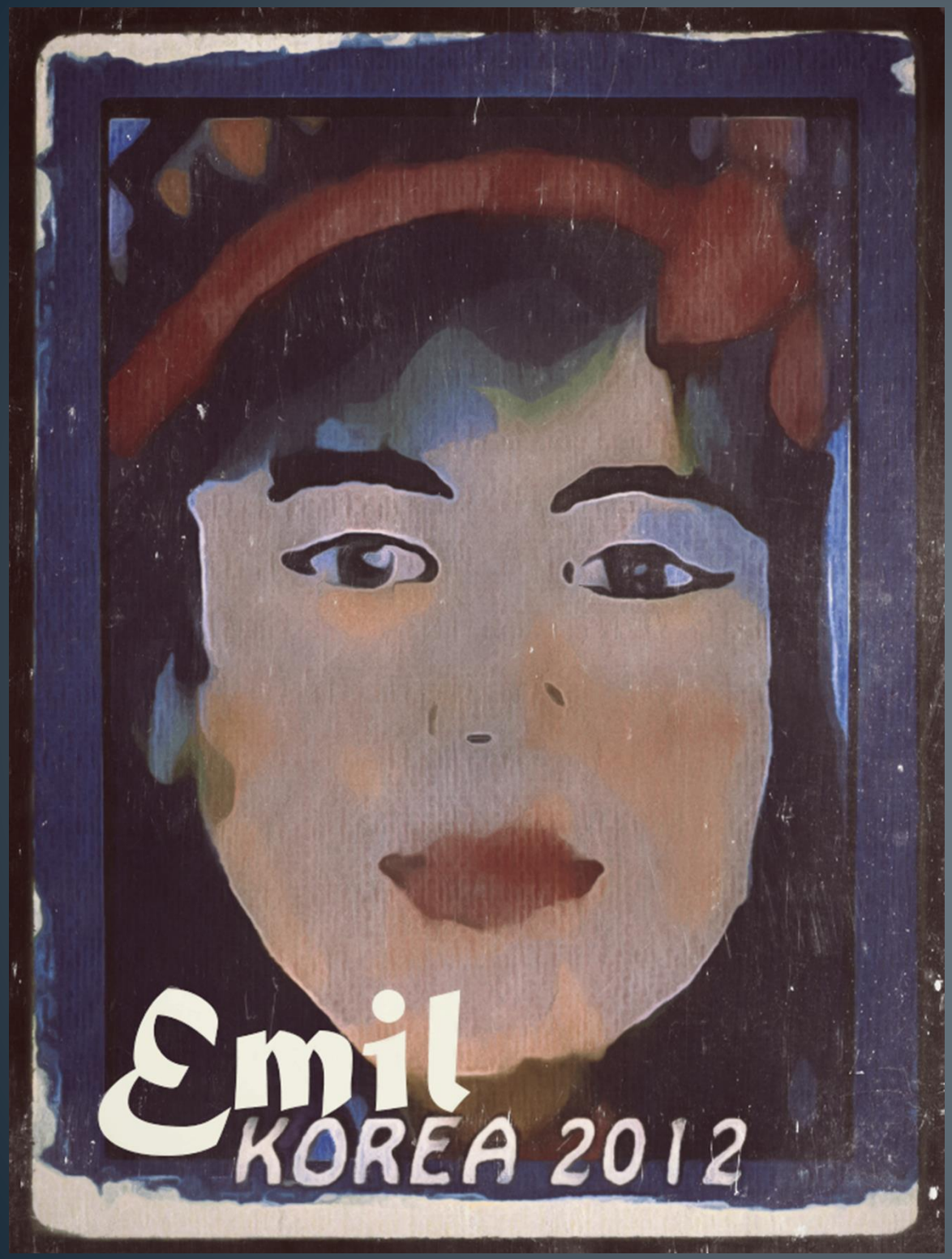
This is how Reagan destroyed Communism in Russia - the little known and vastly unremembered story behind the collapse of the Soviet Union...Collapse of the Soviet System lay in the desire of the people to have a better life of unbounded consumerism...

So well mastered in the West.

Remember how Bubba Bush asked us to help him defeat Terrorism?

Didn't he tell us to go to the mall and to help us out…he gave us a tax break to do just that…

$500 big ones well spent at Walmart!



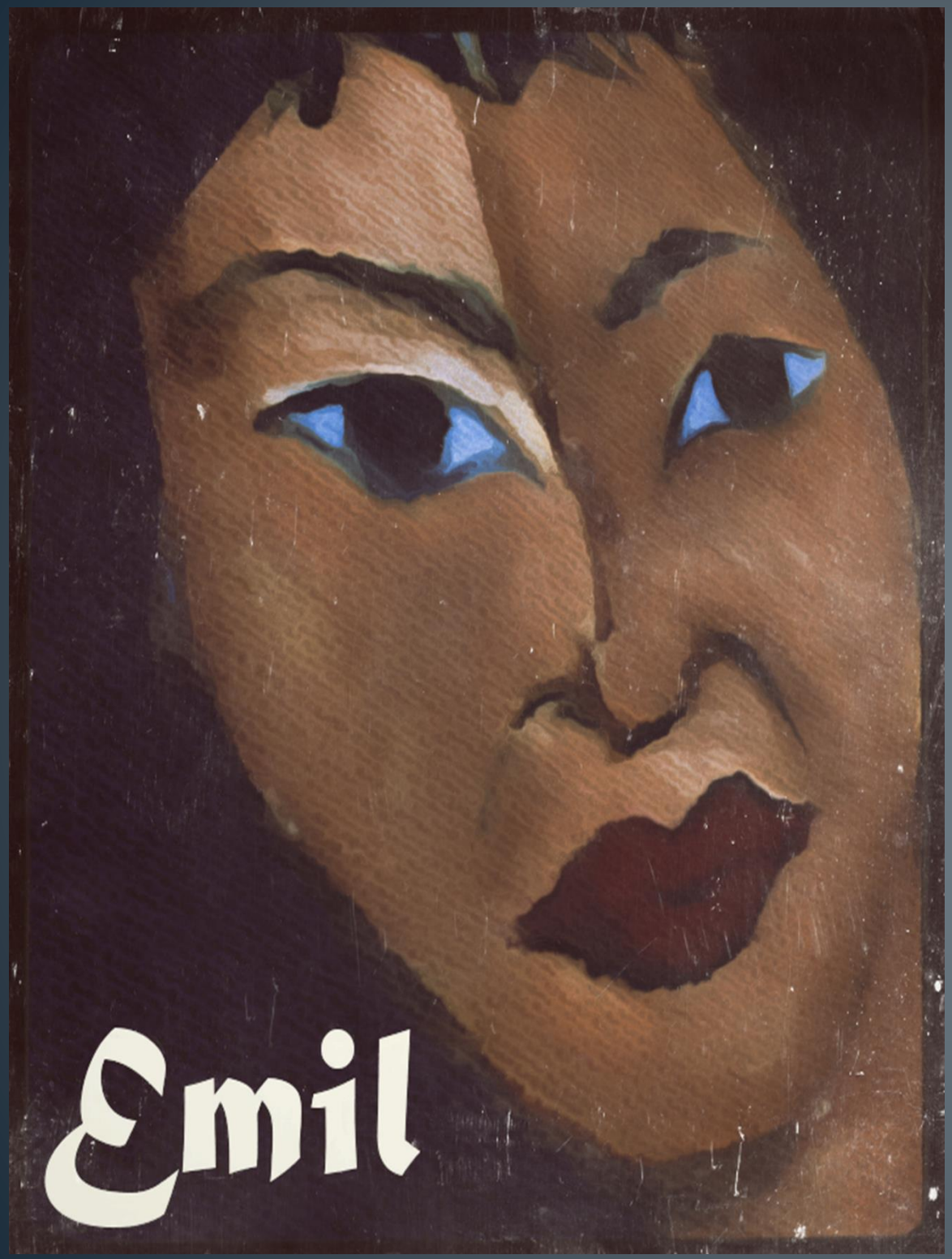
January 3, 2018

MY EDITORIAL TWO-CENTS:

My observations are based upon a documentary that was just on TV…

VIDEO CREATOR MESSAGE:

"North Korea has been a hot topic lately thanks to political clashes as well as the spotlight being put on their culture. Should you ever want to visit North Korea, you'd be entering a world where you can't even take pictures freely. Your visit would be micromanaged to the point where you'd only see the positive side of the country, and not even be allowed to make a negative comment without the threat of prison. If that's how visiting is like, living there must be even more intense. But if you're part of a wealthy family in North Korea, then you live in a completely different world.



January 3, 2018

MY EDITORIAL TWO-CENTS:

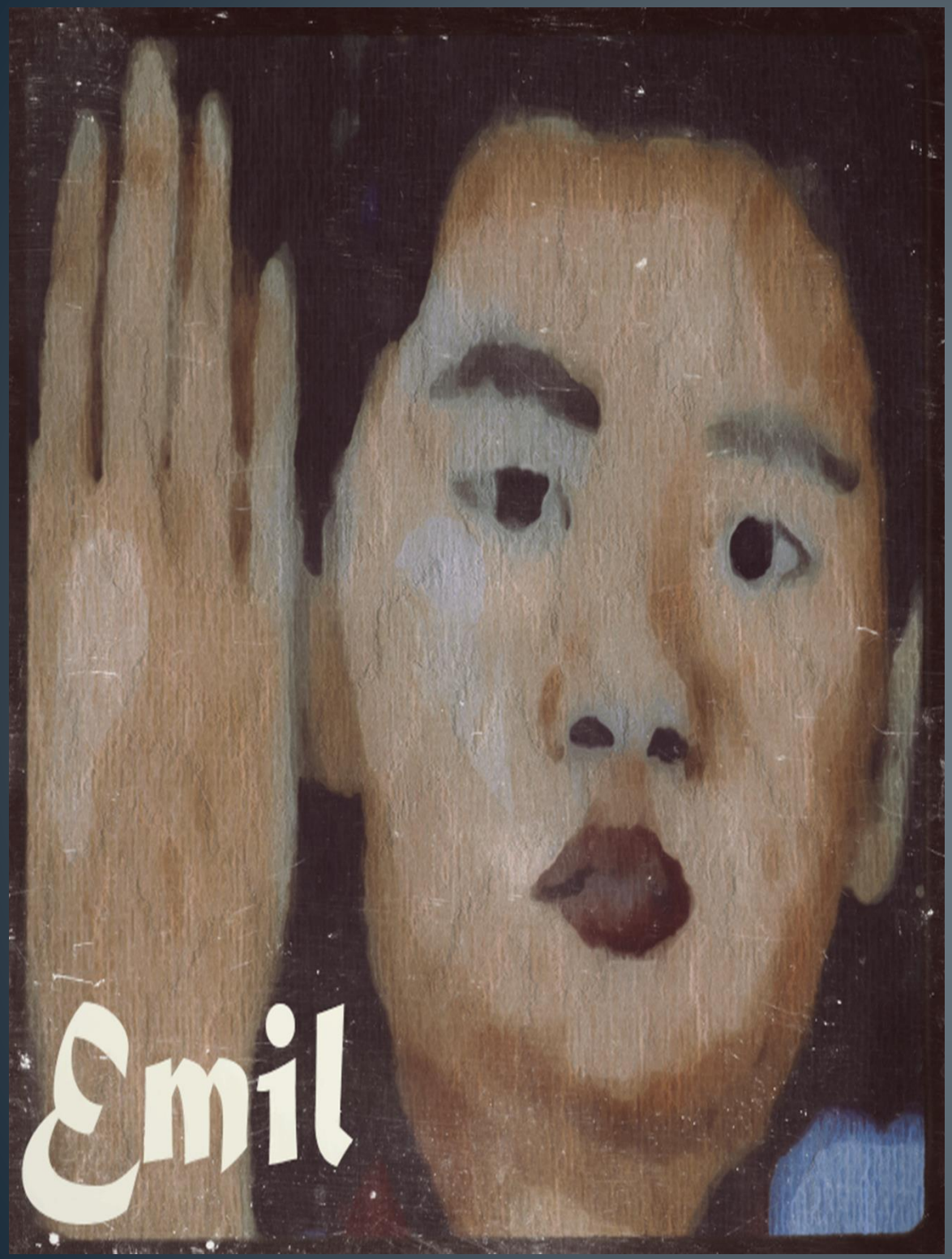
My observations are based upon a documentary that was just on TV…

VIDEO CREATOR MESSAGE:

In a country where poverty is the norm, being rich makes you a different breed of people with a different set of rules and privileges! With so many rules in North Korea, it's all about finding the little things that you can use to show off just how much money you have!"

MY EDITORIAL TWO-CENTS:

Write the WH to encourage The Don to send Dennis Rodman to cut a deal that will secure peace in our time and guarantee the liberation of the hermit kingdom… Bringing them into the world of unbridled, western-styled consumerism (instead of



January 3, 2018

MY EDITORIAL TWO-CENTS:

communism) and secure stability by giving the leadership a piece of the action and first consideration for the opportunities of McDonalds' Franchising...

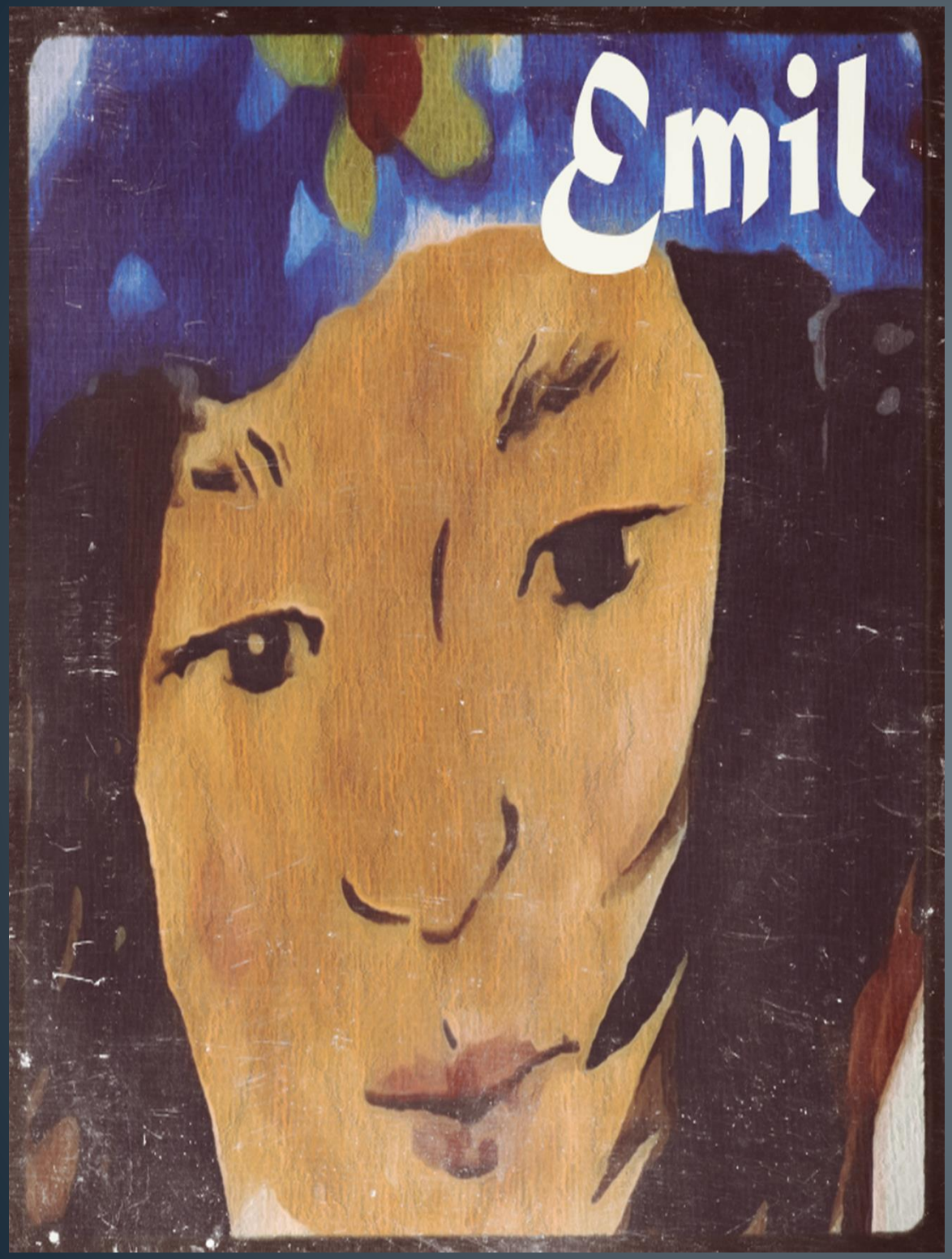
January 5, 2018

Not quietly into the night...2018...it seems it will be "...a year of interesting times and events seem to awaiting all of us... let us embrace them with excitement and wonderment instead of dread..."

Sounds real Hallmark Card Guruish of me

And I can hear you all saying as a group:

"Man! This guy should be writing greeting cards for Hallmark or at least, get a shot at becoming a serious political, junkie, hack writing Press Releases for Donny Trump"



January 5, 2018

Thank you all, very kindly!)

But, to be...like, to be totally transparent and truly honest with you all, I kind of just ripped this quote off from this odd English Politician...in a Joe Biden kind of way..

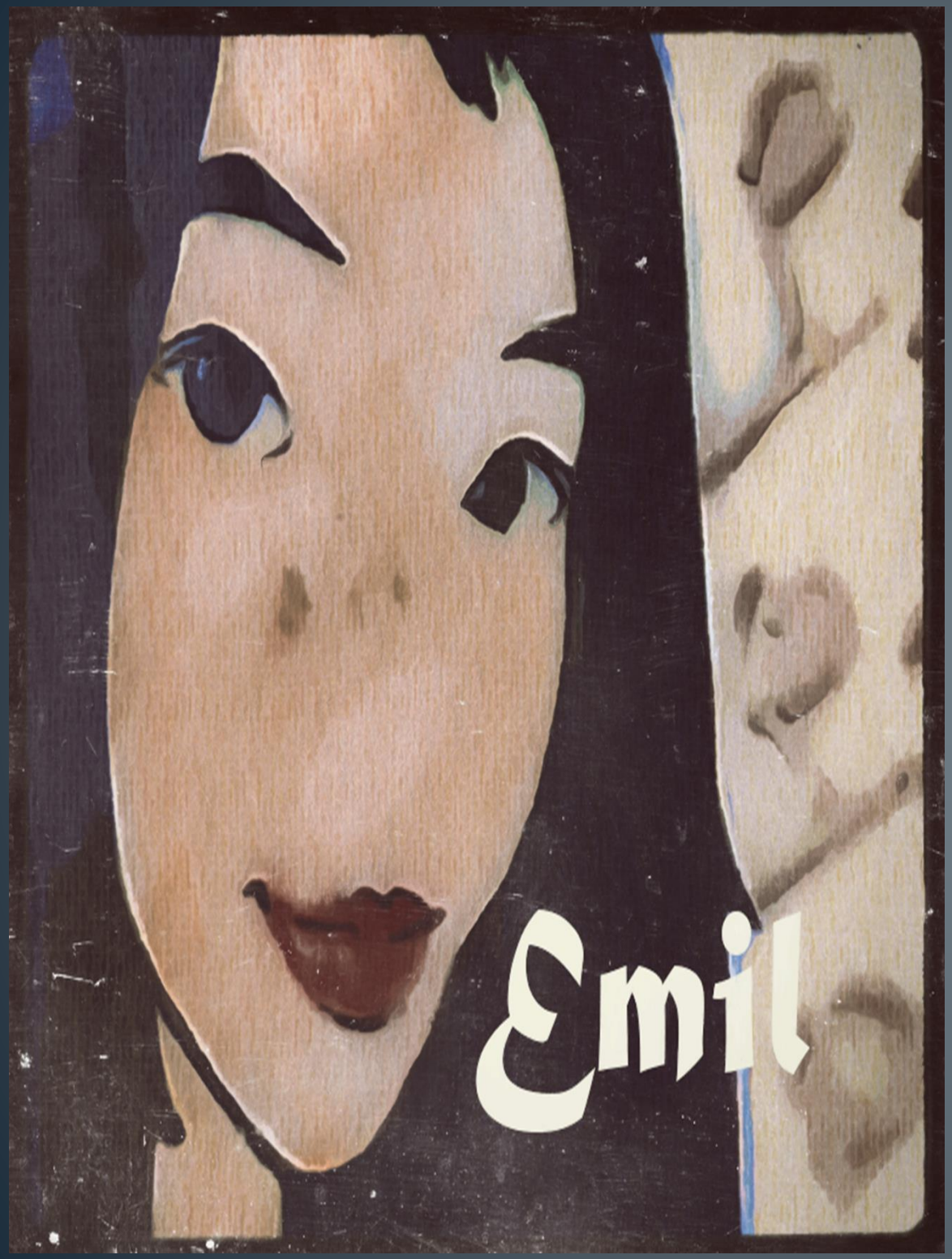
(loving referred to these days as ole Winnie...hint...hint...wink...wink...say no more...) from 1914, who said this in his response to a reporter's concerns over the ever increasingly, troubling world news of that new year...

And, we see where that got the world?

The Chinese believe that "Interesting Times" are a really bad thing and it will surely be interesting...

As they are a main player in most of these events...a major player, that is,

at least in local events...



January 5, 2018

and how, this will play into messing with their collective minds - as they are the one's making the times interesting...full circle...chicken or the egg kind of thing...uh?

To deal with the result, you must first address the problem...

But, what happens when you stop and realize that you are both...?

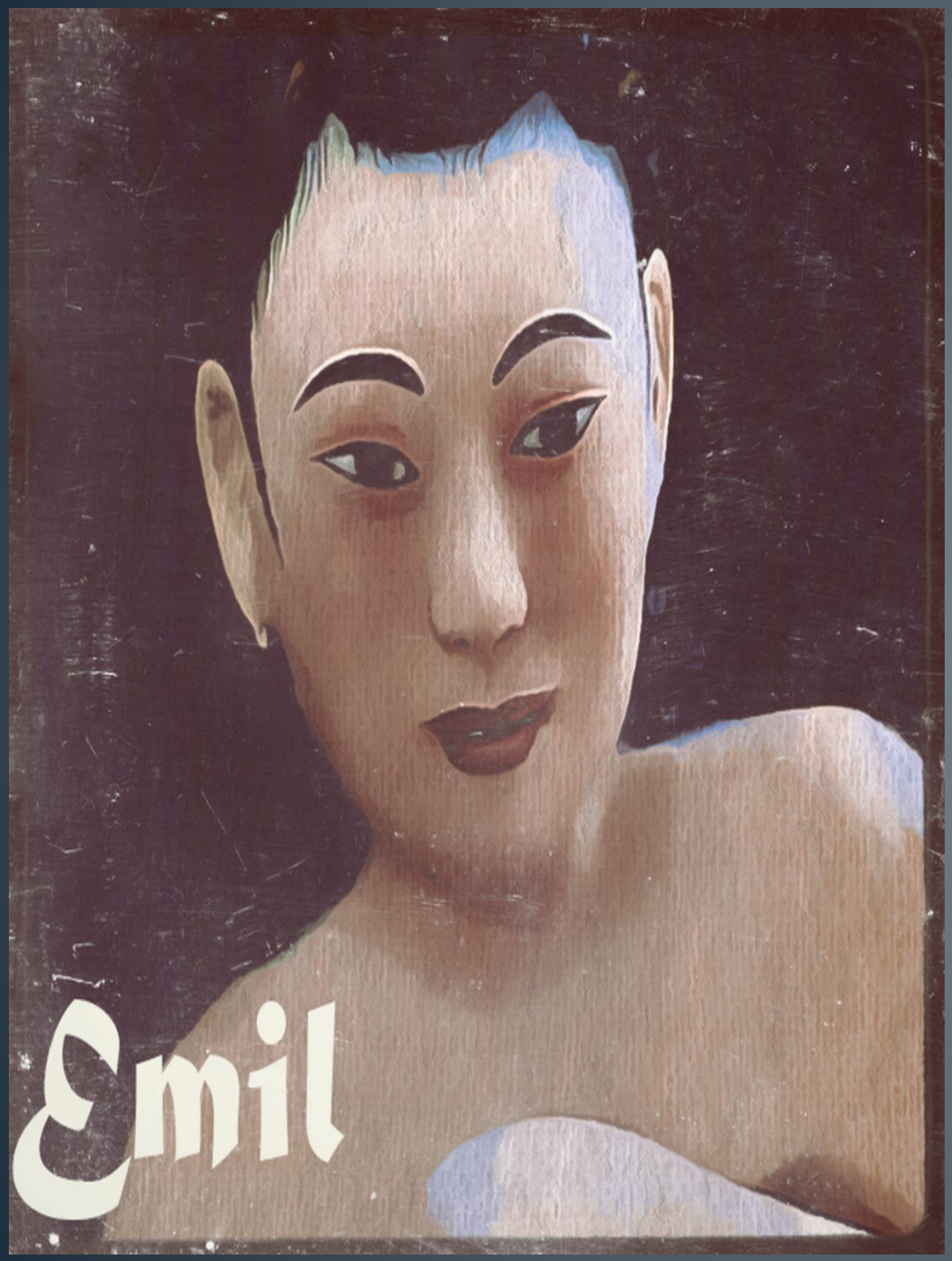
Do countries get discounts on group therapy?

How do you create a solution by dealing with yourself...?

Interesting Times, to say the least...

Maybe not?

We could well advise the Chinese to look to the easiest solution to all this and do like CNN ("The Clinton News Network"...



January 5, 2018

not my term but...many times it seems so fitting) ...blame it on the Trump...that is always their clear and complete solution to every problem, large or small...

“It was cold today"

to which CNN would tell us

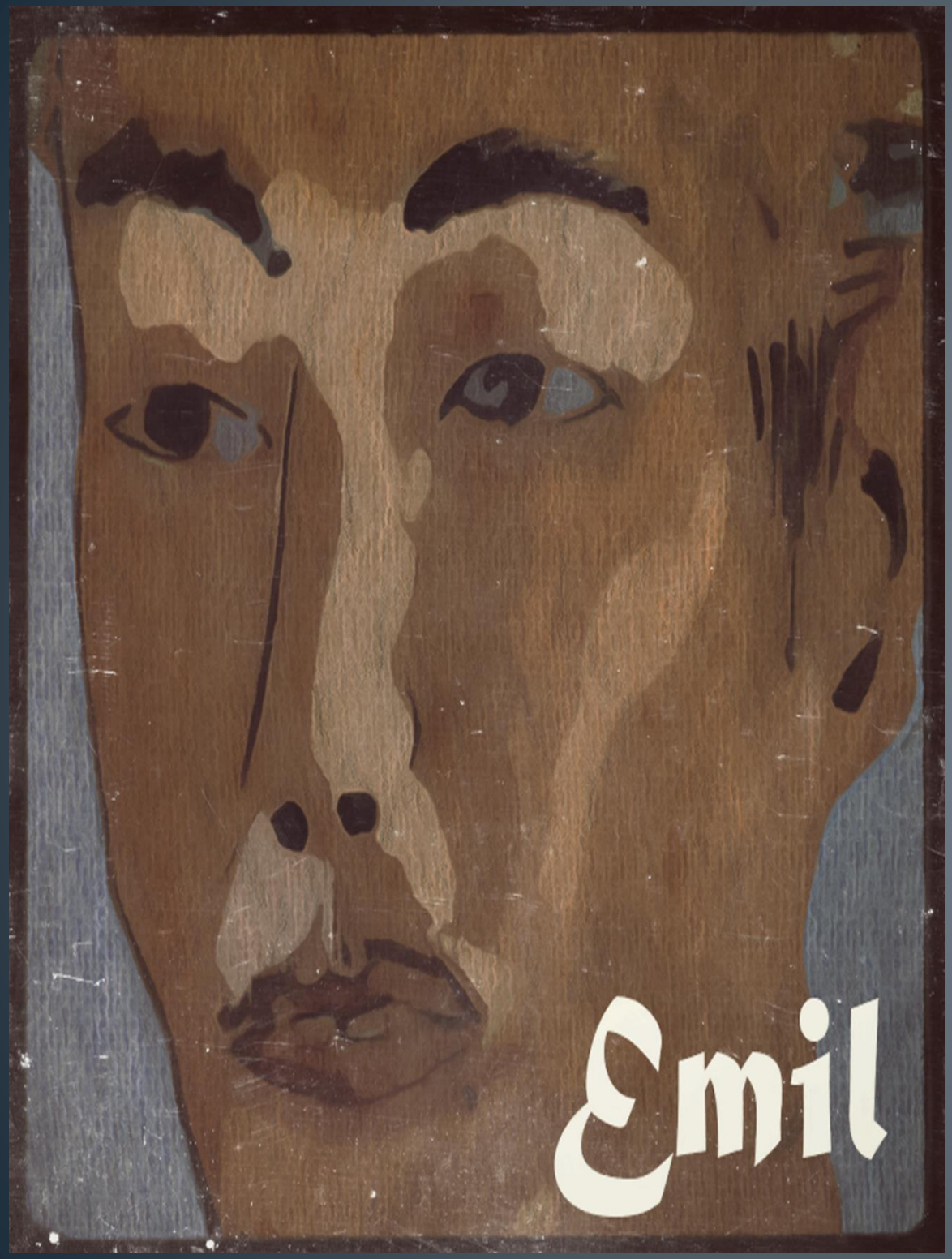
"....that is because Donny Trump doesn't understand climate change..."

So...remember...no matter the event or the cause...

You are forgiven and are not responsible...

CNN tells us so...they will broadcast (27/7 or until the next news cycle starts) that it was (really) all The Don's fault!

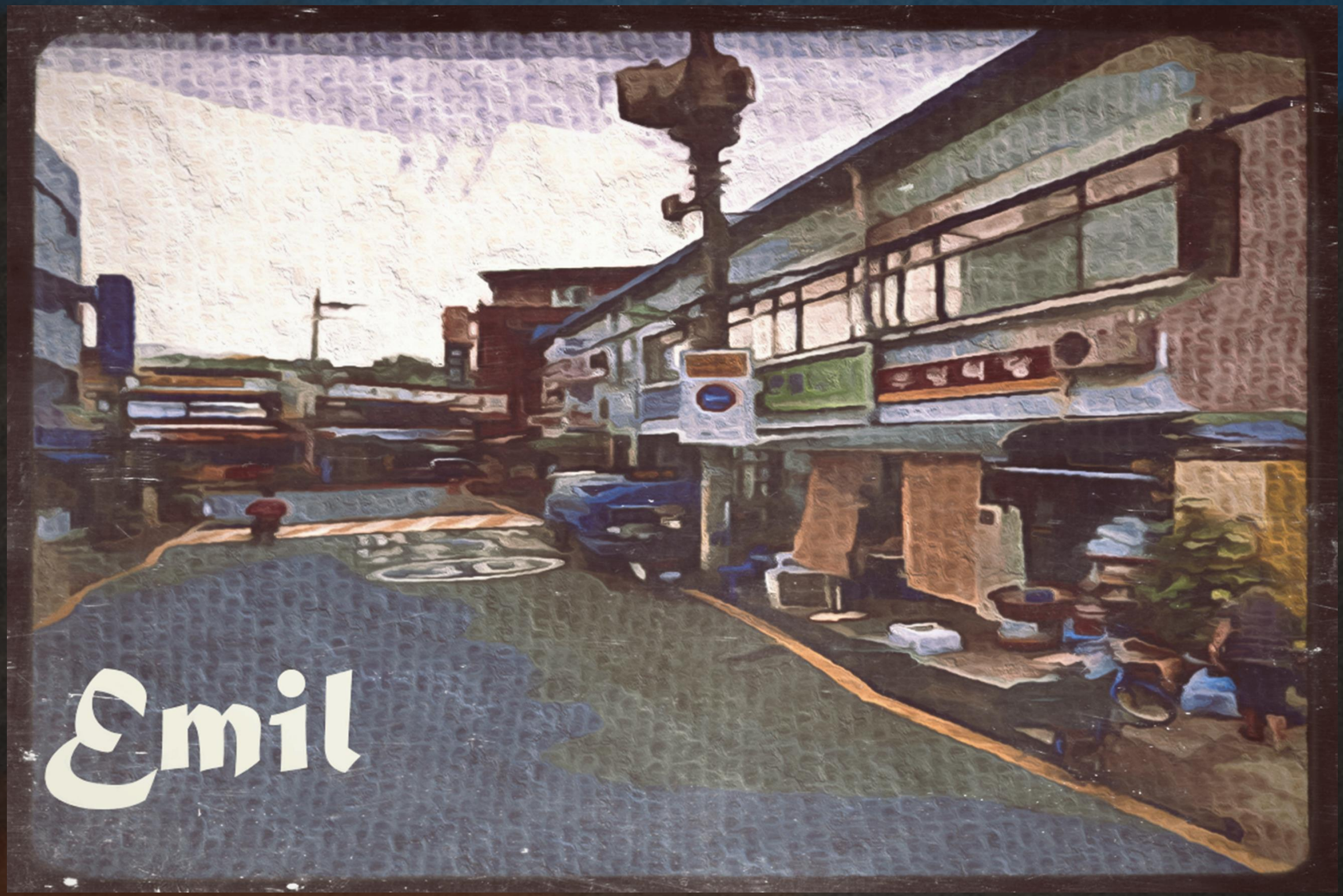
Easy-breezy!



January 5, 2018

Just look the camera in its electronic eye, don't blink and just blame it on The Don... Seems that the Jolly Little Guy (from the North) learned this early on and has been almost as successful as CNN in milking it for all that it is worth...

Emil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고 무 인

February 20, 2018

Yet...more memory lane...

Here in the dead of night and only a hundred Wong left to my name...with upcoming events, there is so much exaggeration(s) in the normal costs...with the arrival of big buck sports, ugly tourists...

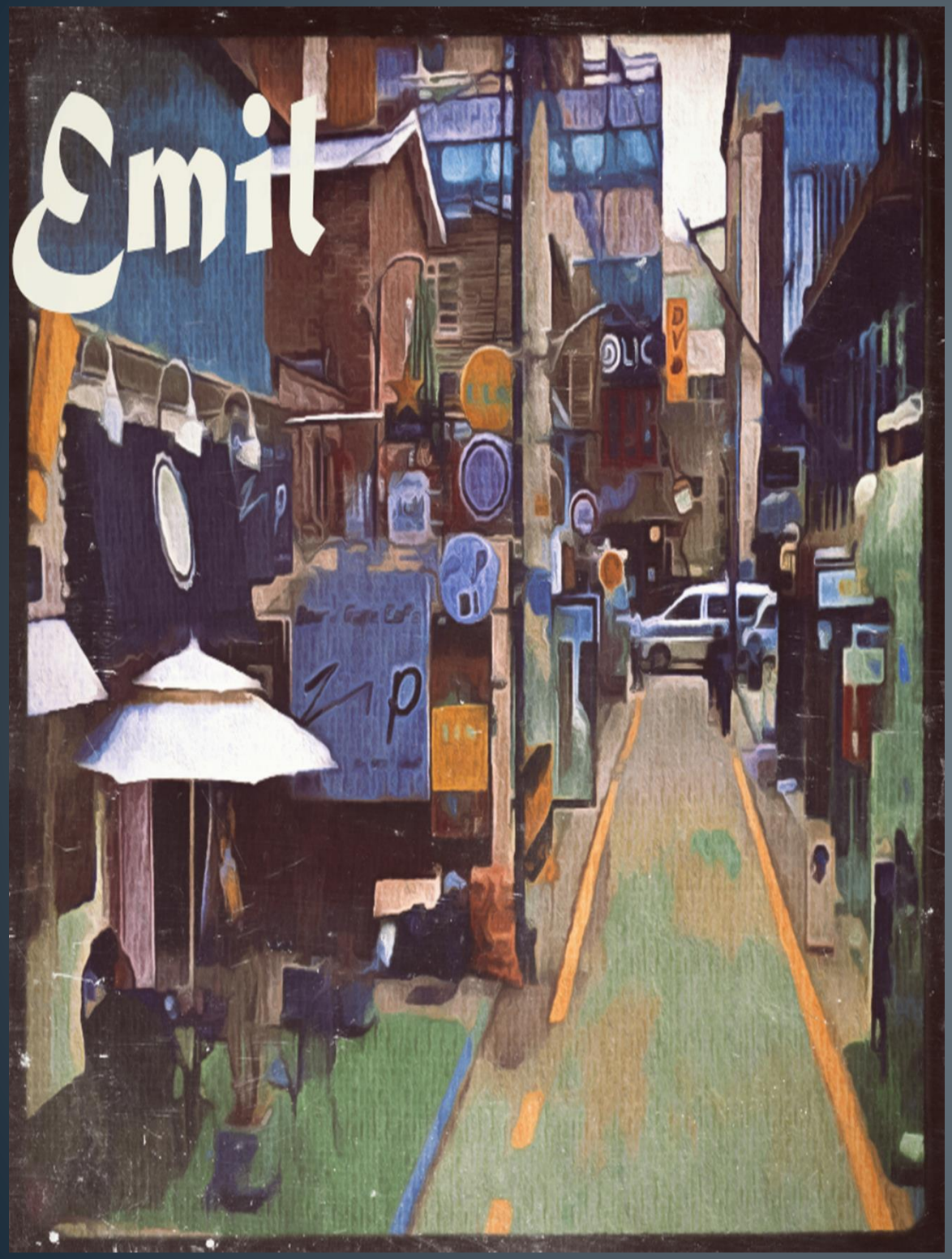
OH WELL!

At least, the Wi-Fi is still free...!

Of course, it would not be and they would shut me down in a heartbeat, if ONLY they could figure out how I hijacked it to start with from the nearby college...In fact, they asked...as I got ratted out by my neighbor...

Damn, these honest Koreans!

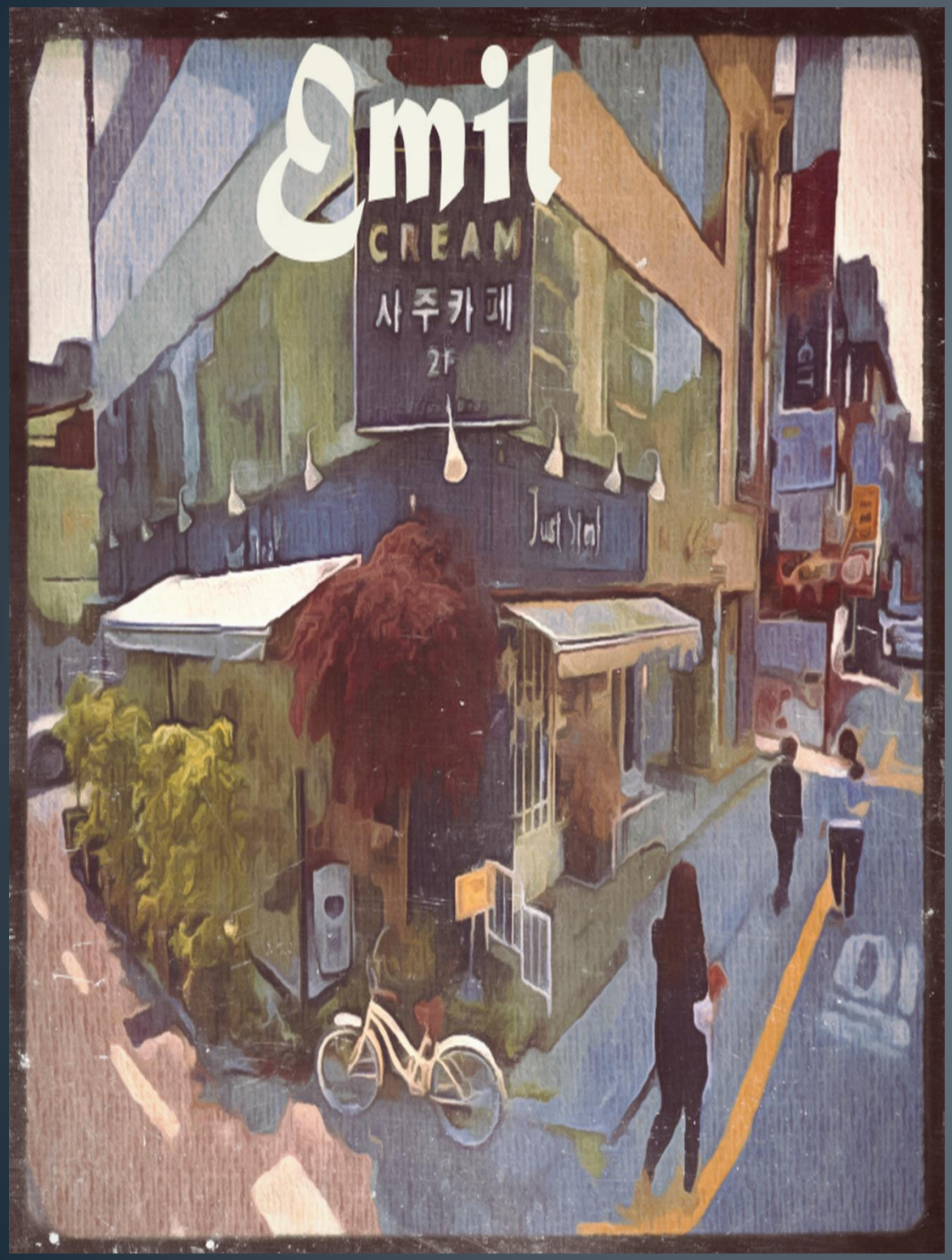
But, then I was polite but, kindly looked puzzled at the request from the geek from the College's IT Department to explain how I hacked their system...



February 20, 2018

Now, considering that it is not, in any sense (really) in this world or the next, very much NOT in my own, vested interest(s) to explain how easy it was for me to hack into their system and, to be totally honest, I am not about to give them a class in hacking 101...not for free!

Most of my neighbors have taken leave, in the middle of night...in flight to visit relatives or children elsewhere but here in Seoul...leaving me as the block watch, plant watering, cat and dog feeder for my block...No badge...no uniform although, I thought that there might be - as Koreans love uniforms...when I volunteered for this gig...Sadly, no money either...as my neighbors are cut from the same "wrong side of the track and poor" cloth as me...Damn these cheap Koreans!



February 20, 2018

Dylan always said "...Anyone with any sense as already left town..." and here I sit and bellyache and complain as to my self-induced economic plight...did I really need that cherry pie? I thought not...

You can only lower your standards so low...

Thinking of taking a short-term tour guide job offer...good money to shuttle these fat kat, rich tourist yokels all about Seoul...

I don't know...work and me are not common traveling companions these days and I still need to finish my new book on Paris - as that will pay the rent and a little more to boot.

Looking at my empty wallet over on the counter...this song came on the radio...some great radio stations here in Seoul...

February 20, 2018

I truly believe that they still hold to the concept, ever so deeply, down in the center of their hearts, that this is really 1963...

Sadly!

I do remember 1963 and despite my ever advancing age, I can still remember the first time I heard this on the little transistor AM Radio that seemed glued to my hand in those days...

Too big to put in your pocket and belt hooks were several generations off in the future...

So it was glued to my hand, all summer long...

최가 떡거리
김치
Emil

SK
신일공업사
Emil

SK
전
양전기
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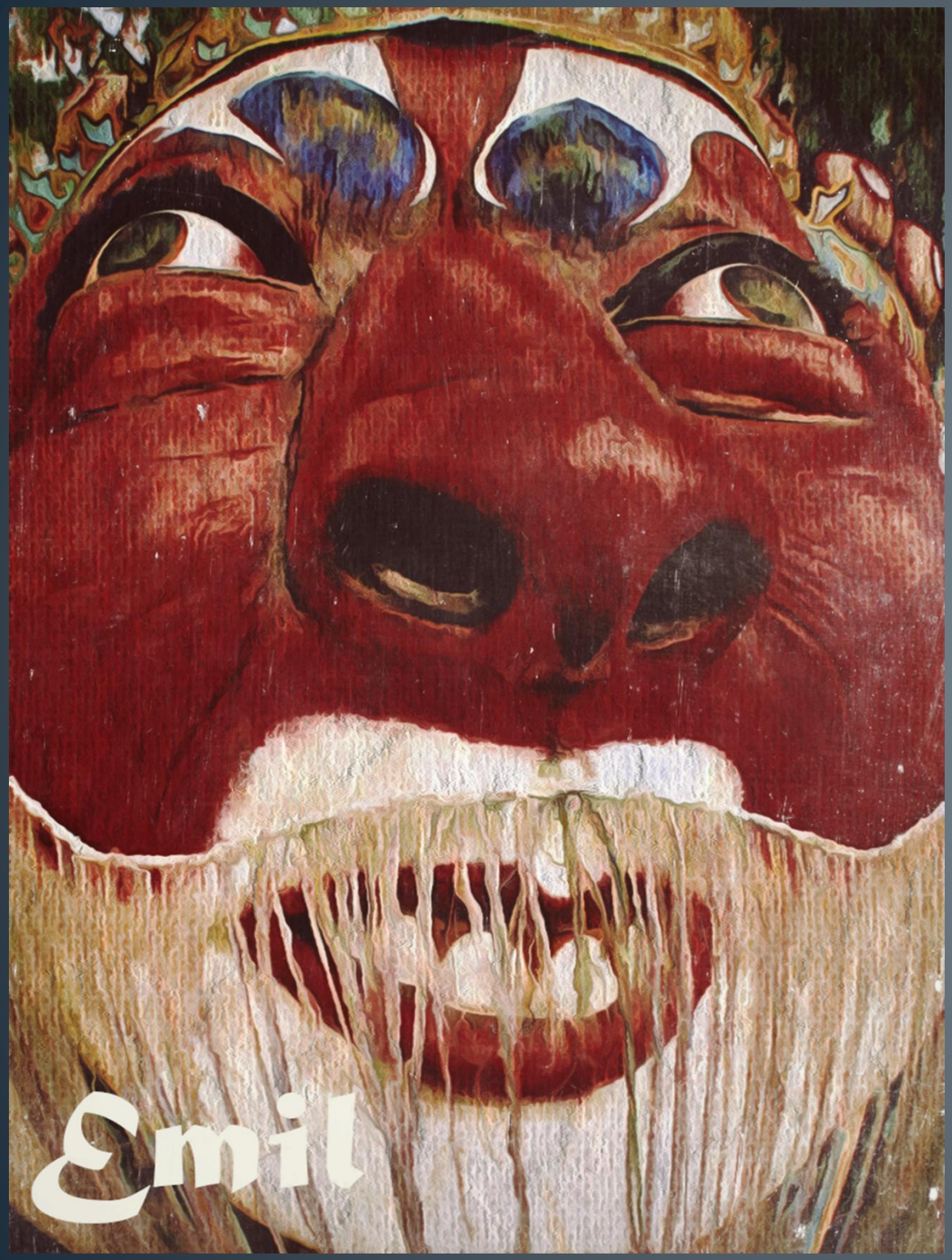
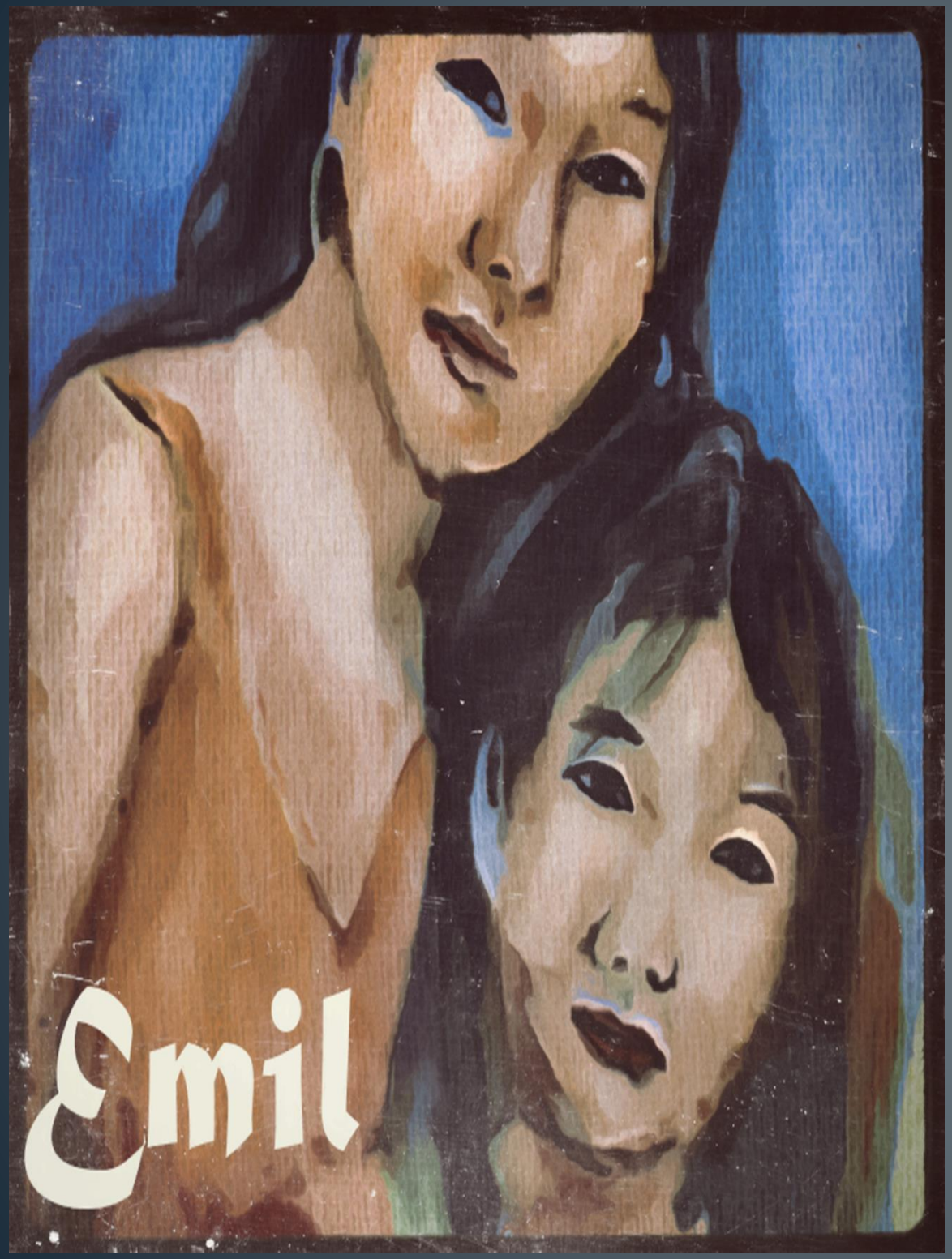


January 7, 2018

"I am what I am... I am a cat, and no cat anywhere ever gave anyone a straight answer..."
Or so, she said without fear of being challenged, at least not by me or any of the others in our small group who sat at the table.
She looked around the room, maybe to see who might rise in challenge to those words that she had uttered, only half spoken, in jest or humour...
So, I sat back unprepared to answer and took stock in the expressions of all the numerous diners, that surrounded her in this small cafe and each had stopped in mid bite, stopping to witness this loud verbal exchange...



January 7, 2018

Only then,

Did I begin to ponder and finally reached a sane conclusion, only then realizing, just, on how strange her comment...especially when the question from the waitress had been,

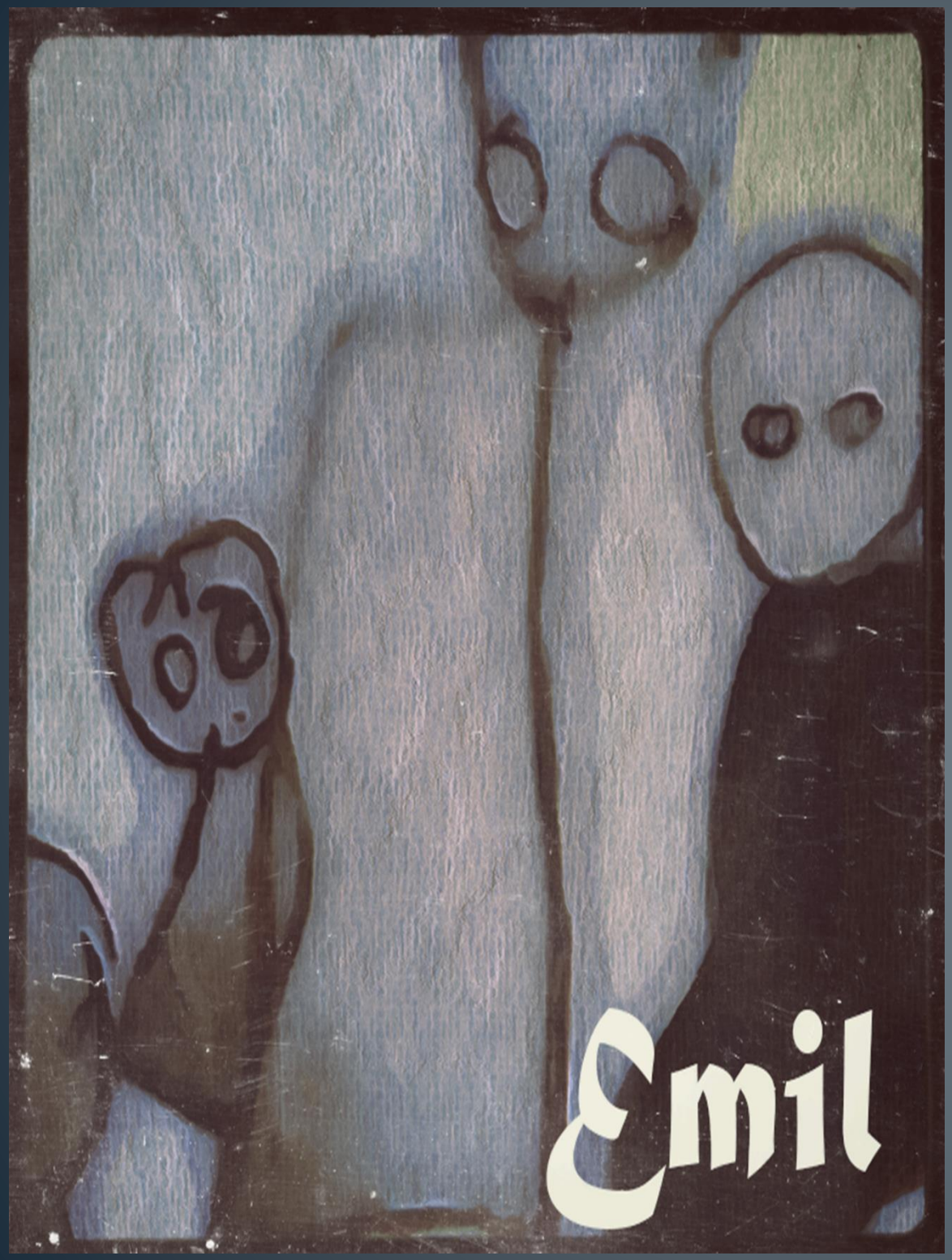
"What do you want to order?"

HANNAH WROTE:

'Hearing' other people's thoughts by Hannah (London, Ontario, Canada)

For a long time, I have been able to "read" people's thoughts. The "words" come to me, even as the person is saying something else entirely in the normally audible way.

Sometimes, it comes as a general sense of the message the person is really thinking or really trying to convey, but is covering



January 7, 2018

or on which he or she is staying quiet. Sometimes, I can "hear" the actual words. This is a concerning ability to have and I am wondering what it is all about. It seems to me that the energy the person is projecting is reaching me in a way that allows me to listen to it and translate it into a message that was actually spoken aloud.

I don't have any way to control it and it often doesn't make sense to confront the person because I would have to explain how I seem to know what they are really thinking.

Does anyone else have this issue?

EMIL RESPONDED AND WROTE:

"I am what I am... I am a cat, and no cat anywhere ever gave anyone a straight answer..."

January 7, 2018

EMIL WENT TO FURTHER WRITE THIS FOLLOWING POST:

See...what too little money and too much time led to?

No doubt, some will wonder and, yet, others, who can read my mind (No...Not Gordon Lightfoot! Hopefully not dear Hannah from Ontario ether) will say "he has lost his mind!"

Not true!

Rather it comes down to a perfect storm of a bad mixture of bitter cold that drove me home from my new refuge (the hilltop) and back into my cold water, walk up flat here in Seoul...

Money is sometimes an issue, especially when greedy, cap-toothed, greedy merchants raise their prices in advance of the upcoming Olympics.

January 7, 2018

I hear you!

I need to stop whining and eat more instant noodles for the next month...

OH Well!

Maybe, it will be better tomorrow...

The TV said that the North is coming to the Olympics but, the Russians can't?

What a strange time...

What a bizarro world, we do find ourselves in...

So what else can I say?

"I am what I am... I am a cat, and no cat anywhere ever gave anyone a straight answer..."

Emil

Emil

Emil

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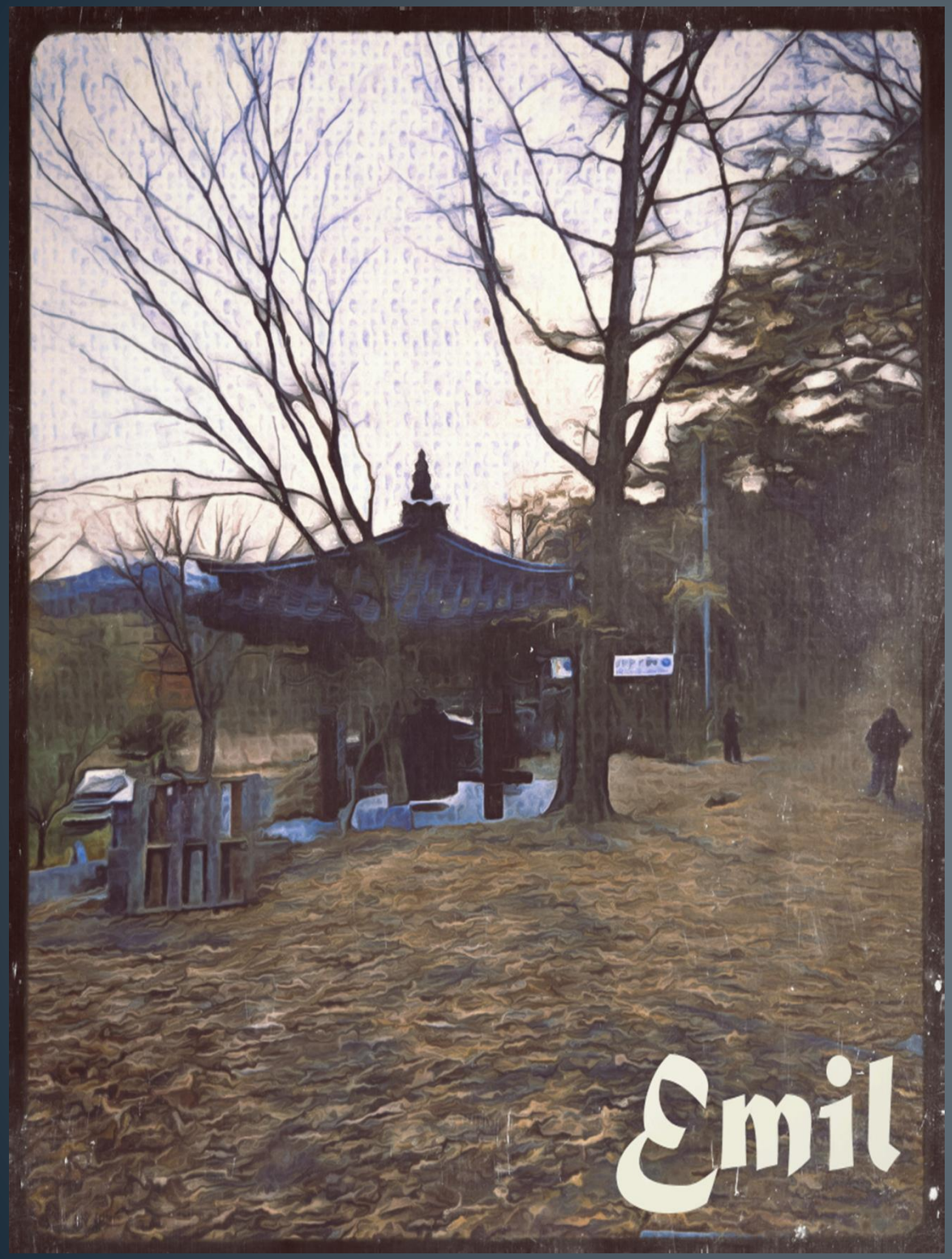


January 15, 2018

The Hilltop is a great place to let go of all the world's problems...a better place to be as the city grows crazy with the prom and prep for the upcoming Olympics...

No!

Too expensive for my simple lifestyle...

That worst part is that everything gets more expensive as we get closer to the actual event.

Greedy merchants seem to be universal...

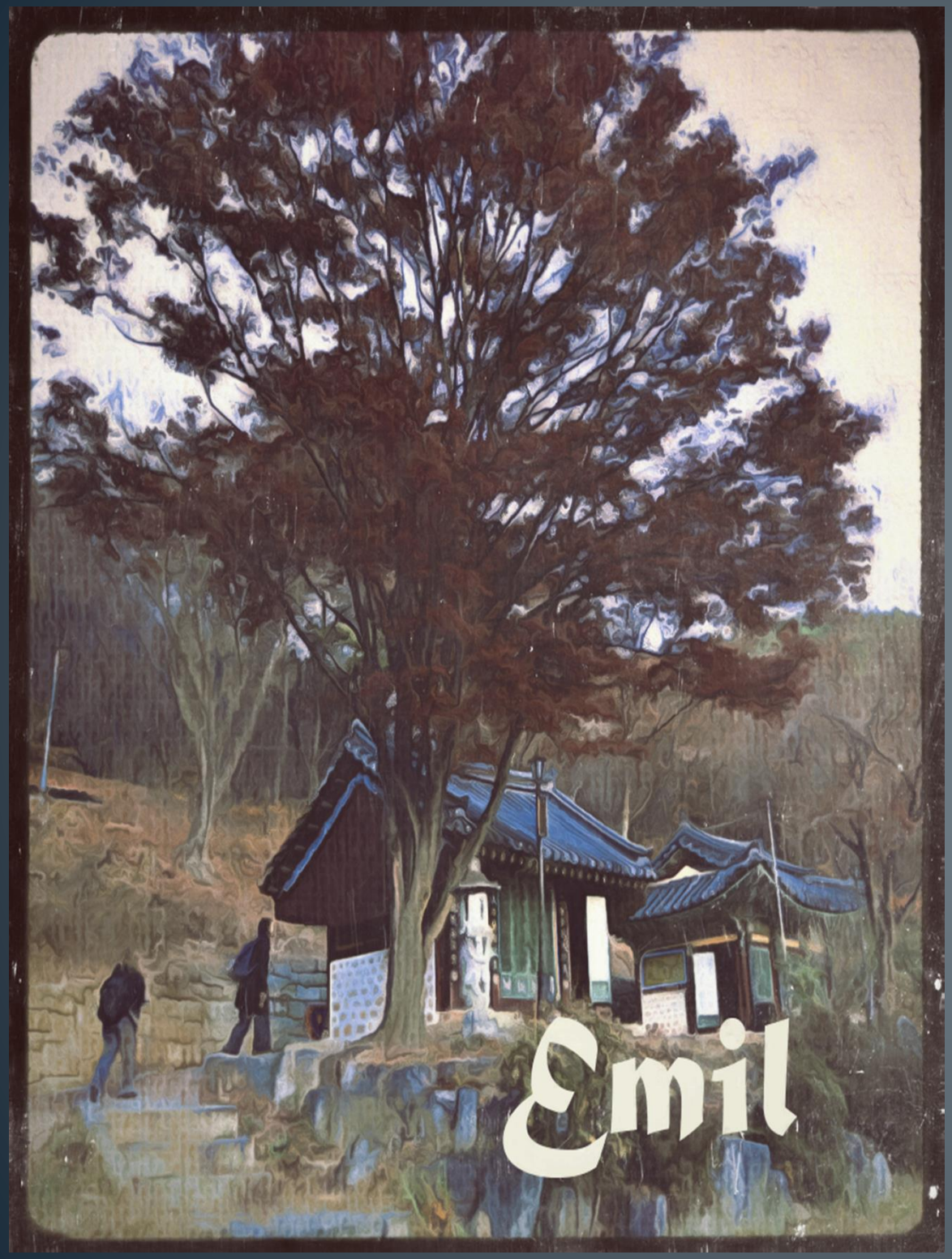
But, so far, the monks have not started charging to let me use their hillside...

See, those cookies did buy me much goodwill and humour...

Soundtrack for sitting on the hilltop (Wendy Waldman songs playing on the Walkman's headphones) and letting the problems of the world wash over me and...

January 15, 2018

It took several listens to grasp and really get the depth to which this song reaches...
Maybe, too melancholy for some but, up on the hilltop...
It carries me into endless "down-the-rabbit-hole" ventures of exploration(s) into my own memories...
Too deep and dangerous (boring) to explore here...
Too shy to explore in any detail or share...



January 12, 2018

Yet...snoopy, as ever, even after the monks expressed their displeasure...especially after they warned me, beforehand, with rather rude verbiage to the suggestion...something about breaking my camera or something downright nasty about what they wanted to do with my camera...

Of course, I let that blow right by me as they were monks...

Are monks supposed to talk that way?

But, I did get this closer look-e-see... afterwards, being chased down the hill by angry monks, did warm me up a lot...scary!

Almost as much as it was being chased by those nuns (back in the day...high school) after I dyed the Holy Water with red dye #2...long story...

January 13, 2018

All is forgiven...cookies and brownies always work as an act to seeking forgiveness...

Still cold but, at least my welcome was much warmer as I came bearing freshly bake cookies, expertly made by the pastry shop in the market...

Even got an offer of a tour from an old, senior monk...

Really nice guy!

Emil

Good morning!!

Emil

Emil

명품광택 전문점

Emil

Emil

Feb 13, 2018

Here in Korea...days go on as usual... people don't live in the fear that we do. Why?

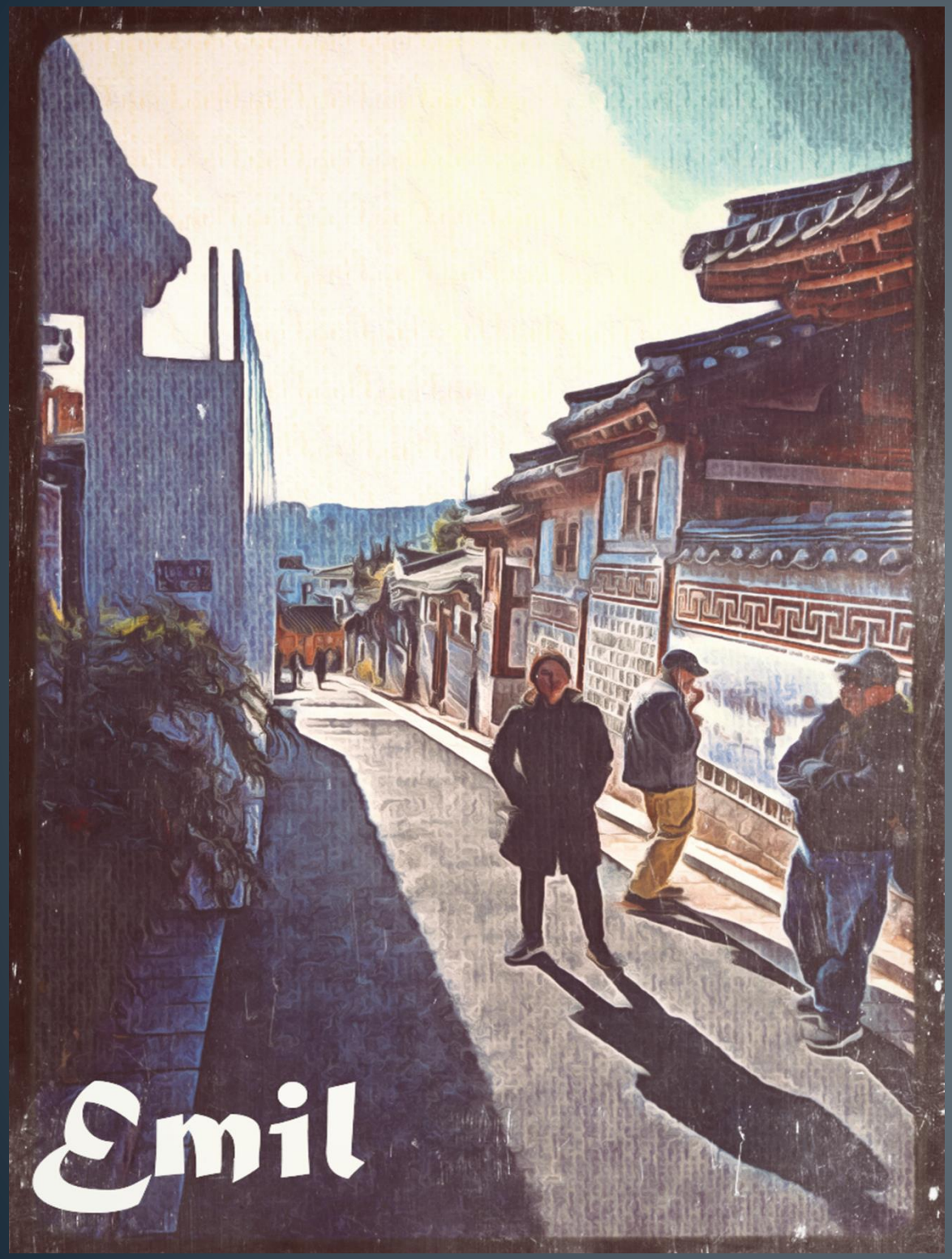
They understand the situation better than us - as they have lived with this all their lives.

People here got a good chuckle over this report...one person was upset because he said, "this will just encourage the Jolly Little Guy to do more...he can smell your fear..."

Then added that

"you have already lost if he can smell your fear and it is upon us to cut a new deal with the North...

Thanks America!"



Feb 14, 2018

Sitting here....watching Ms. Ri Chun Hee on the satellite...
Totally, like, bummed out...
It finally failed to snow...
Maybe, it is too cold...?
Minus 1 degree today...
And, Campers!
That's the high!
Seeing that I am not really a fan of winter wonderlands...days like today without snow...just blinding cold and stinging northern winds whipping up off the plains of a frozen Siberia, they have left me wondering, left me to ponder as I shutter with cold
“Why am I here?"
"Maybe...snow...next week!”
The neighbors re-assured me...mostly out of kindness I think, seeing my disappointment...

Feb 14, 2018

Gotta Luv her!

She like totally makes up for the disappointing letdown over all the Mayan 2012 nonsense...that super bummed me out as I had waited all my life to have a front row seat at the end of the world...

Here is an article by the WP who calls her the North's Barbara Walters...

NA!

She is too punk and hard core to be Little Barb...Couldn't see her asking the Jolly Little Guy..."If you could be a tree...what kind would you be..."

I think she is closer to ole time preacher, Oral Roberts...remember him? Luv the old time fire and brimstone..."the end of the world as we know it" in a kind of touchy, feeling sort of way...What else can ya say...Big time fan...Yes I am!

Feb 16, 2018

Ever since I got moved in, my neighbor has been talking about getting a part-time job...wants to be his own boss, set his own hours and make a million...

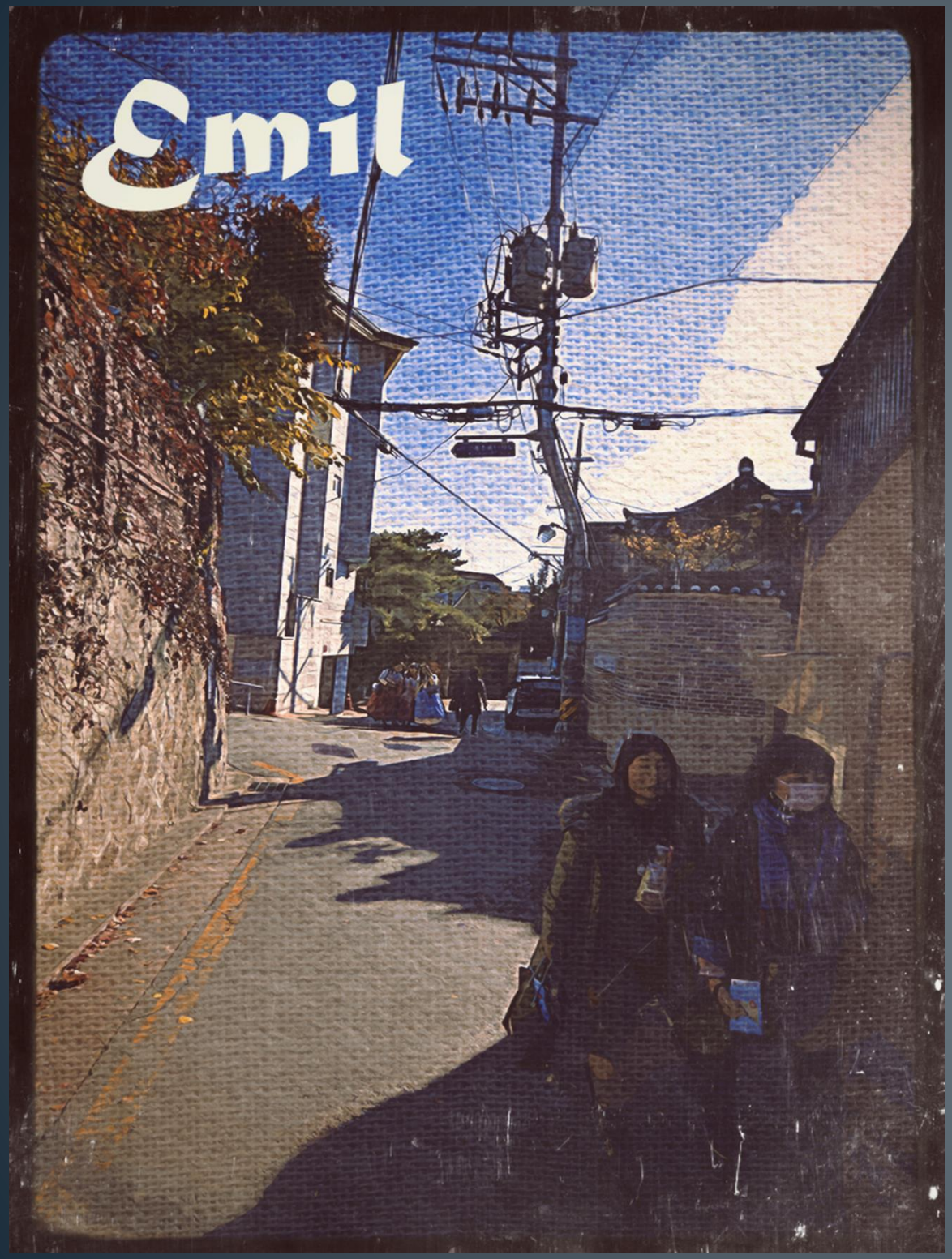
WELL!

He has been after me to invest in his dream and pony up half the cost of his business...

Now, he has finally took the big leap and this is the taxi that he bought with our joint investment...and he was rather sad by my initial response of demanding my investment money back...seems that he is rather proud in what he wisely spent/invested our money on...

Still, he keeps pleading to his wife and me of all the potential he sees but, all that comes to my mind is

"how much can we sell this for scrap?"



December 25, 2018

Thirty some years ago, the irony and pathos of this (now seemingly ancient) Simon & Garfunkel song would have been lost on me...

I was too self-focused and righteously vindictive to those that I felt slighted me...too keen to show them all (each and everyone...they know who they are/were...)that I didn't need them nor the snake oil that I précised them to be selling...

That was who I was...

Remember I was properly raised by wolves....

It would have never touched me as it does these days...

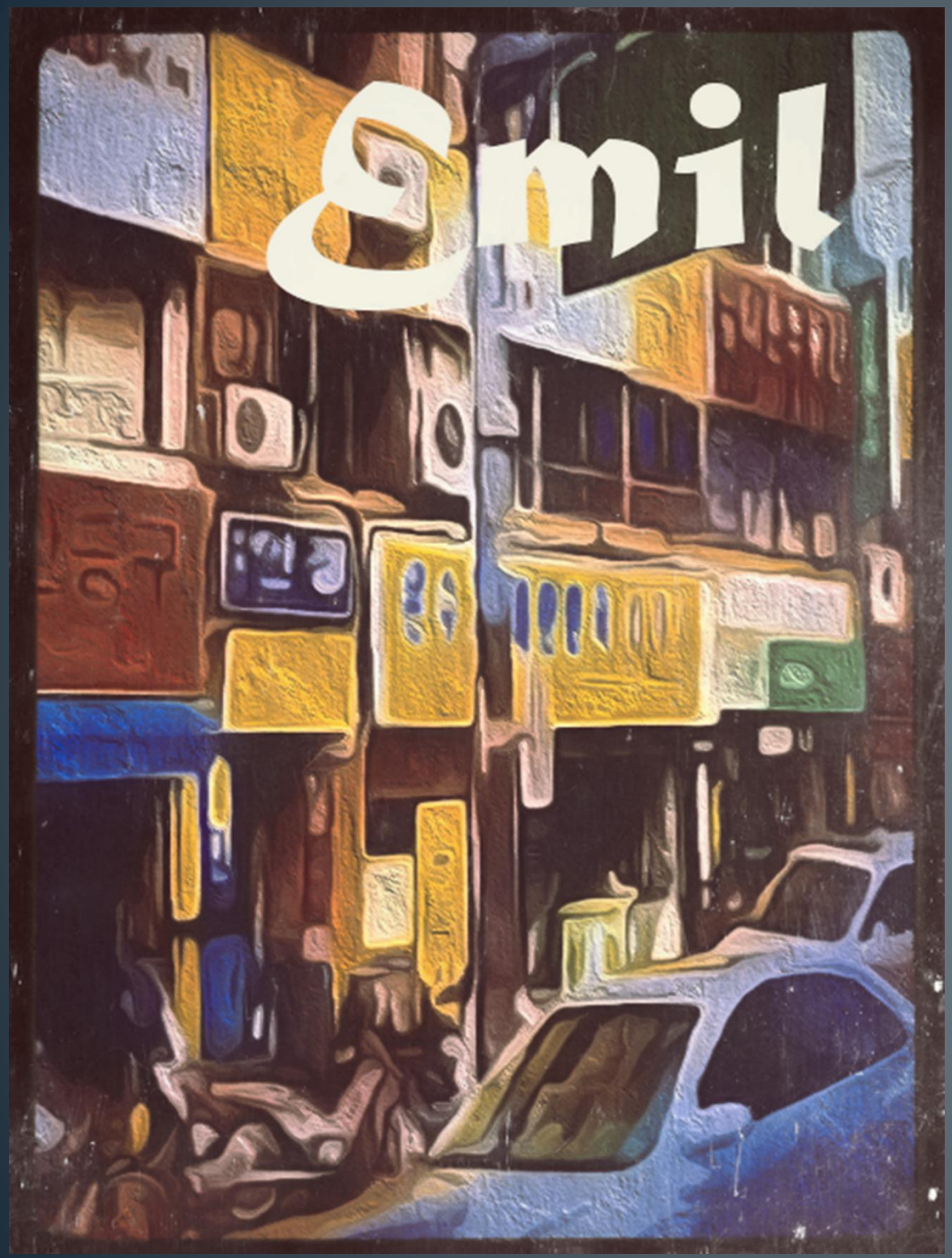
Here in Seoul...

On this cold, bleak, x-mas morning...and yet, there was no x-box under my x-mas

December 25, 2018
under my fake, x-mas cactus...
I always have had to be different...
Instead of the same ole tree that tradition
sayz that represents x-mas...
I decorated my fake cactus plant with
lights and other assorted, sundry mixture
of x-mas, dollar store, discount lore...
Happy Holidays...
Merry X-Mas...
And a happy x-box
to all of ya!

"Can you imagine us
Years from today
Sharing a park bench quietly?
How terribly strange
To be seventy"

Emil



December 24, 2018

Had a small kid (or was it a midget) on the subway today and asked me in rather good English...

"Do you really think that Santa Claus believes in you?"

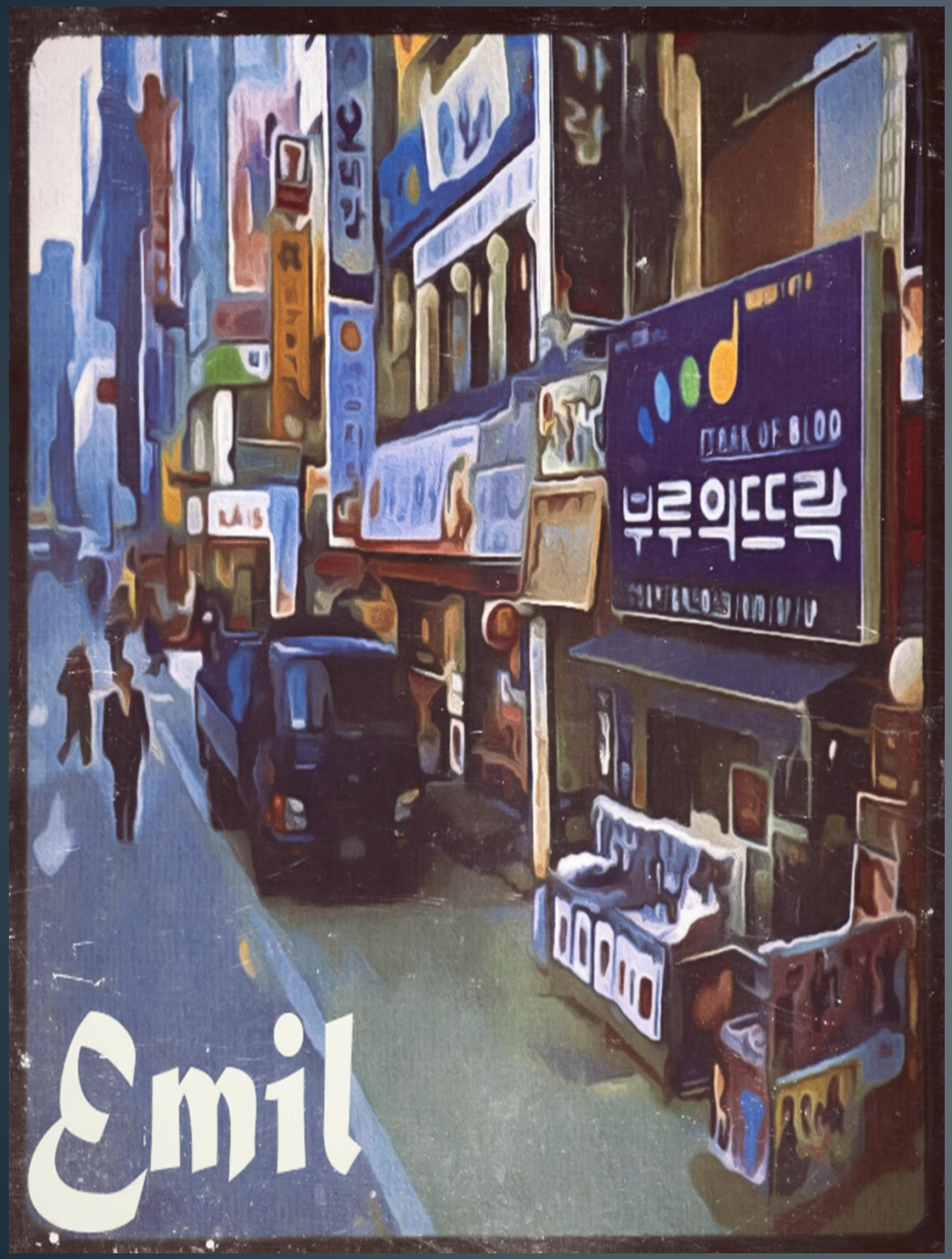
The little thug!

If it wasn't illegal and not polite (and you would not believe how important that is here) I would have grabbed him up by those big, floppy ears of his and would have gave him a toss across the subway car...Instead, I answered in Korean,

"I don't speak English!"

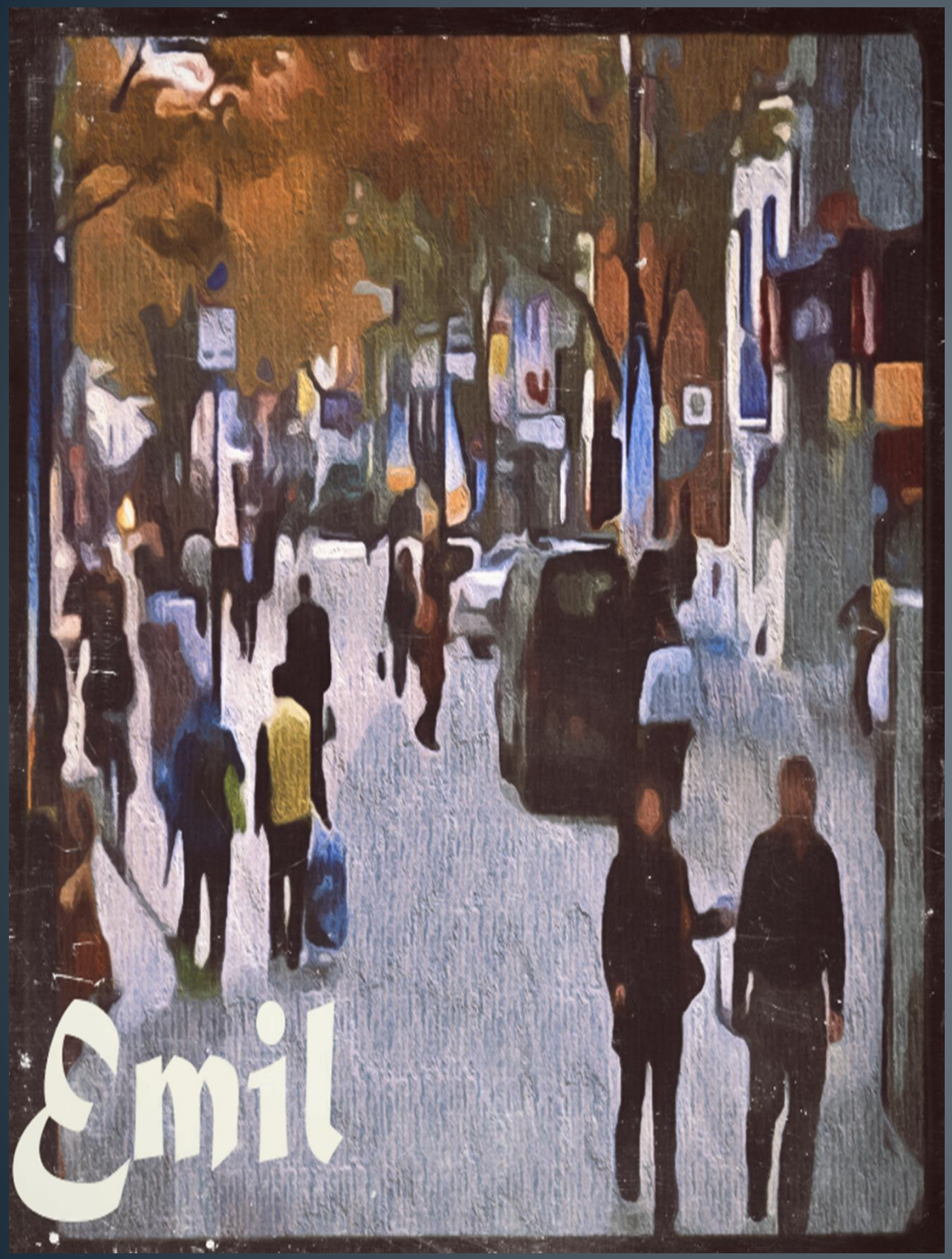
"Does Santa Claus believe in me?"

To be truthful, I never gave it much thought or concern...but, it would explain a lot that has happened to me, over the years...like...I really wanted that Johnny Quest five-action pistol when I was ten



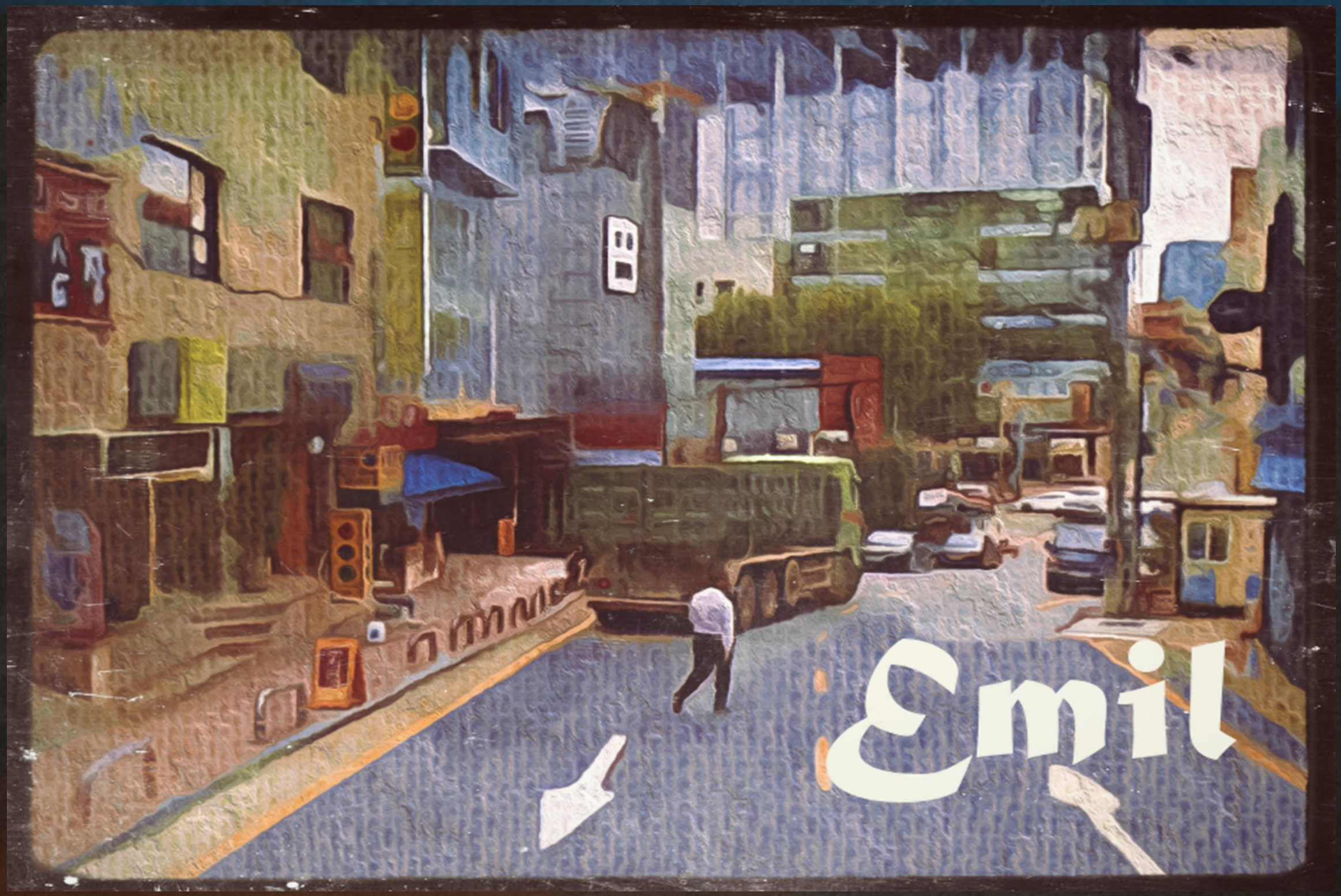
December 24, 2018

years-old…a charter member of the
Johnny Quest Fan Club…
Thank You, Kindly!
Who wouldn't want this wondrous toy?
It was a gun,
It was a radio,
A missile launcher,
A flashlight and
A bottle opener...
I lusted for that for what seemed endless
months of x-mas waiting...only to find
there under the family X-Mas Tree,
On that very X-Mas Morning,
Instead of my dream present...
It was a lame "Underdog" cape and
pajamas...that I greedily unwrapped.
Like...I was ten...not five...
Thank you very much Santa!



December 22, 2018

Yet another cold night here in
Seoul...ending a less than productive day
where the best that could be said (like
they use to say, when I was but a mere
youngster)...
"This dog can't hunt..."
So, putting another log on the fire,
lingering up by the warmth of it's
kindling...
Falling asleep as I speak
“...tomorrow...tomorrow...”
Like our patron saint,
Bill de Dead Cat,
use to sing...
"Tomorrow...it is only a litter box away..."
ADO to Today...
did you just fart?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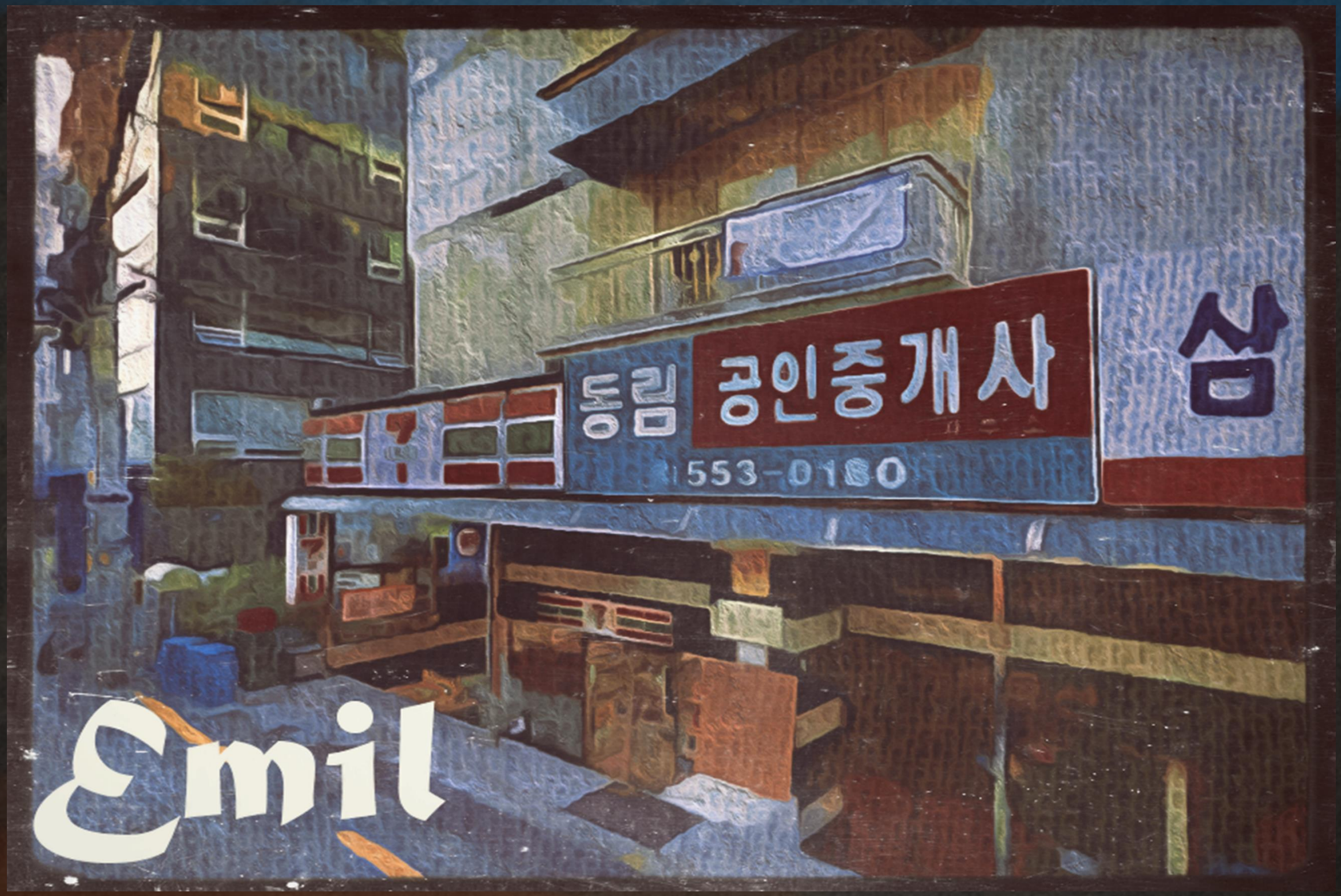
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August 22, 2017

DEAR CAMPERS… COMPRADES… BANDETOS!

I was sitting here in the very beautiful and extremely pricy, transit lounge with the normal assortment of screaming children, grunge backpackers that would give hobos a bad name, giggling Chinese or were they Japanese school girls, me and the assortment of the standard Willy Lowman type, old American Sales Hacks trying to sell the next great widget to some Asia Business Man who has already started making his own version at a fraction the price of Willy's company's break even point…

OH Well…truly, Capitalism at its finest, I say!

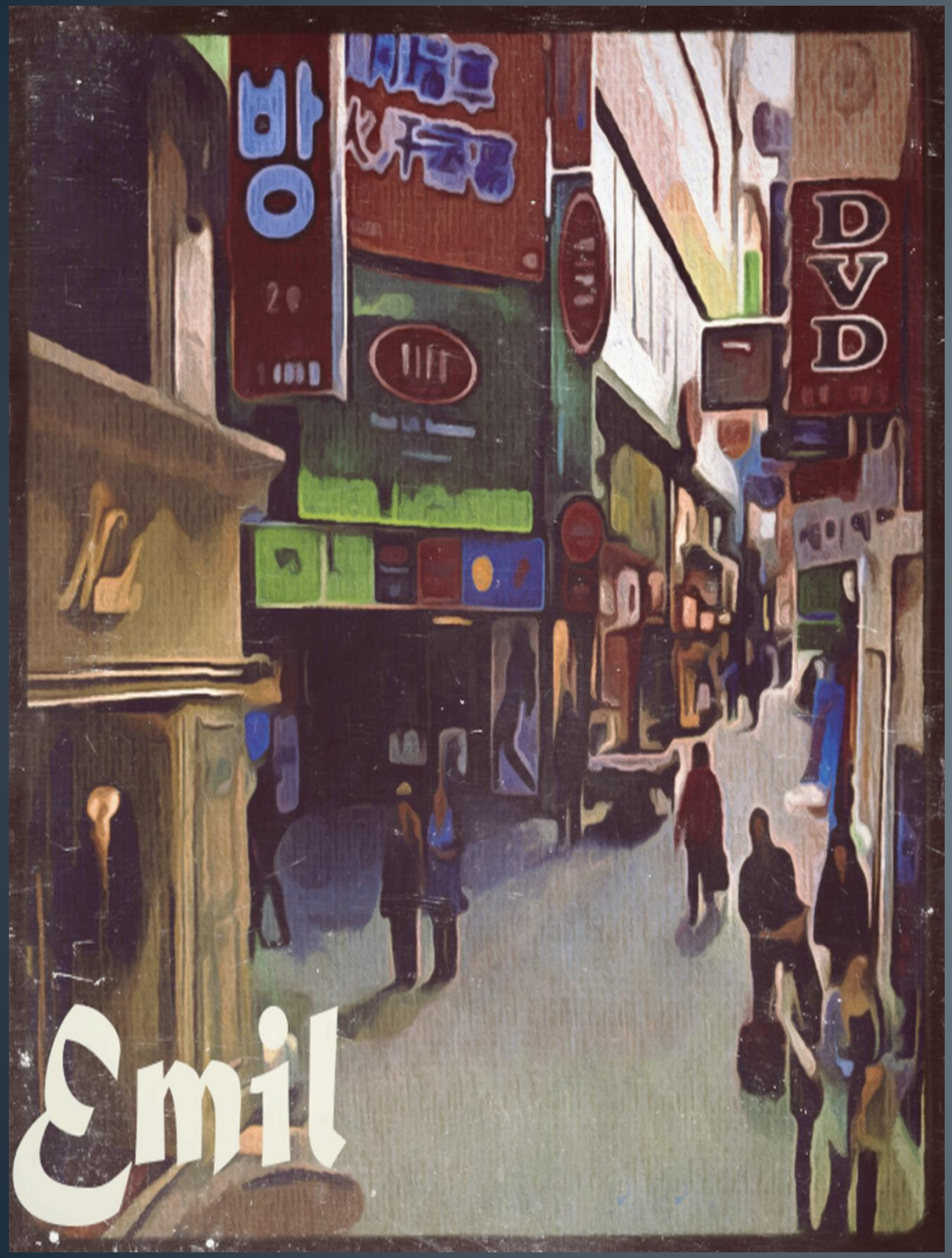
I was debating whether to go to town or not as the news was full of the

August 22, 2017

demonstrations in the center of Seoul about the former President (No not Trump…sorry there Hillary…go back to your gardening…it's not 2020 yet) of South Korea…a rather nice lady…don't know her personally that is but, she always struck me as an Asian Female version of Margret Thatcher…but, anyway, there are massive demonstrations supposedly as an unorchestrated, outpour of anger and rage…

An Asian Spring…

A Korean version of the America's Occupy Wall Street protests as the Korean People were wild-in-the-streets (well…Korean, polite wild-in-the-streets style…in fact, they were like on the sidewalks heading to the squares in downtown Seoul) crying for her corrupt blood as they discovered that



August 22, 2017

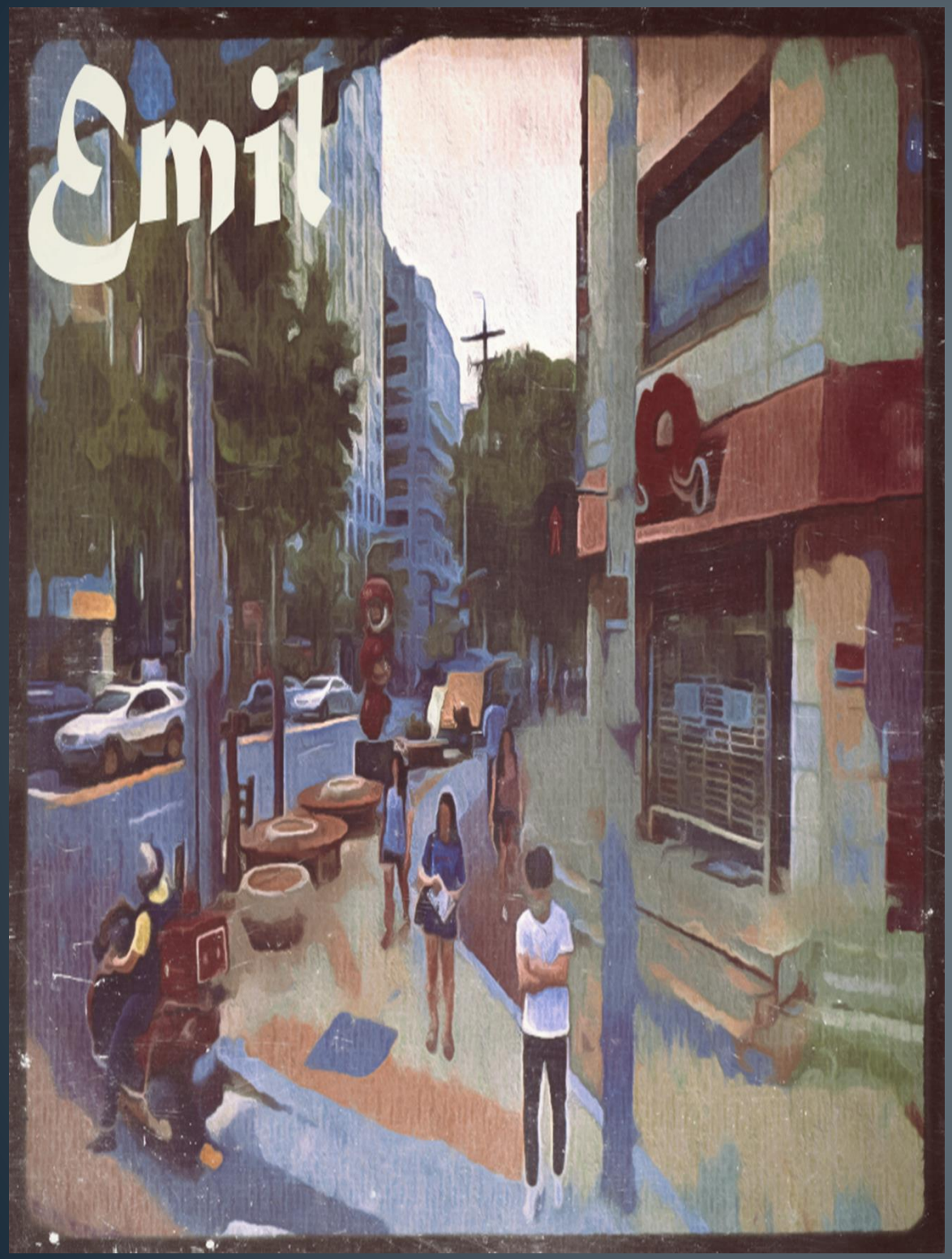
discovered that politicians here as almost as crooked as their American Counterpart REALLY!?

There is no doubt that she was corrupt…she is second or third generation, Korean Politician…

So she learned from the masters.

The fact that she was corrupt should come as such a shock to the majority of Korean People and that these normally, polite and stoic people would then, in mass, on their own (in a society where when going to the bathroom is a group effort and project) leave their homes, offices and factories to be out in the streets of downtown Seoul calling for her blood is totally beyond my understanding(s) of Korea and Koreans.

THESE ARE STRANGE TIME…INDEED!



August 22, 2017

These days, I always seem to need to be looking over my shoulder to see who might be listening…not paranoid as it is directed to people listening to specifically what I am saying but, in a more liberally and collectively way, everyone is listening to everyone…with no doubt lusting after the massive finder's fees available for turning in your fellow travelers…actually, discount coupons for a future flight.

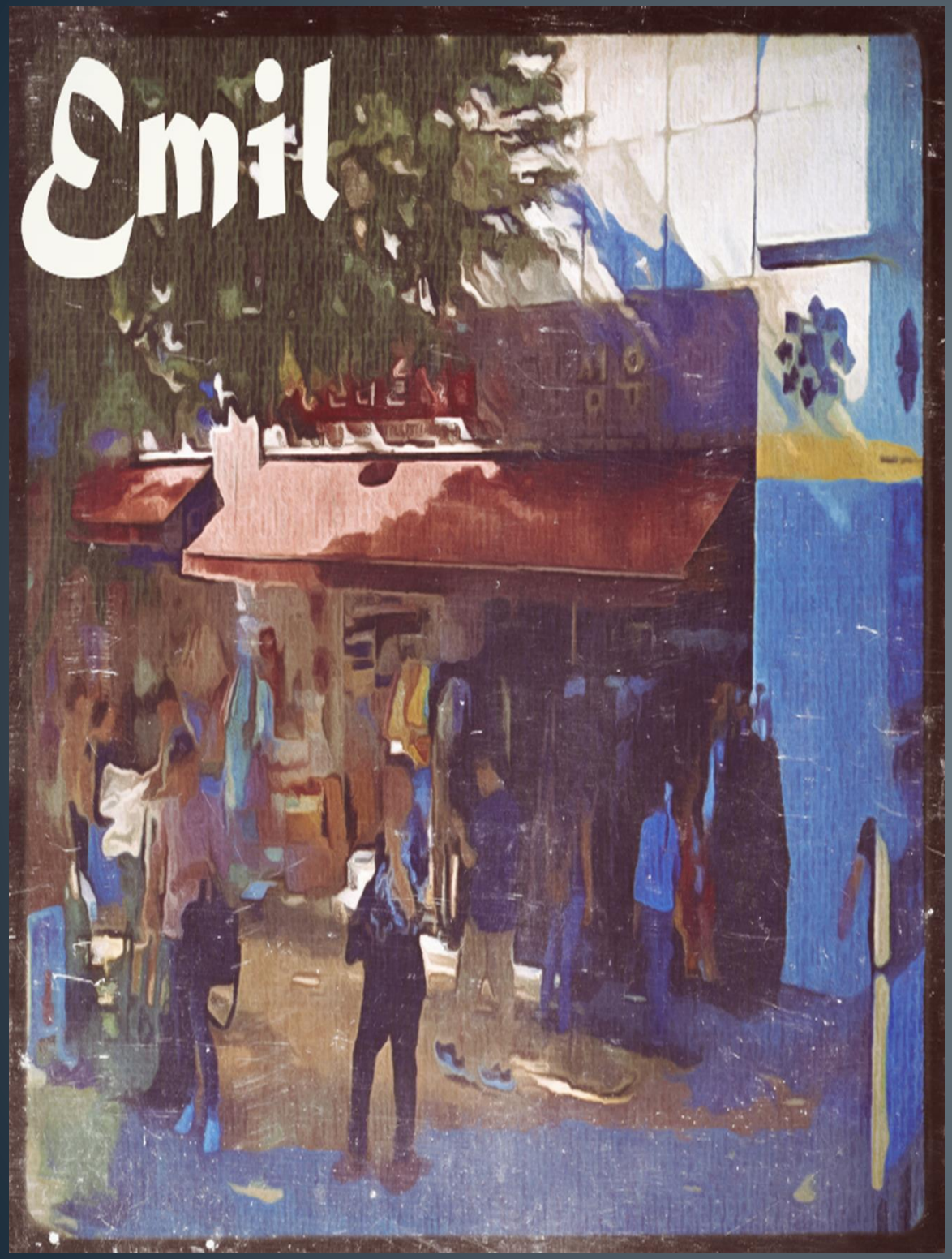
Wait!

I'm sorry this is America and TSA…

Opps!

I am sorry Korea…were you listening?

As you can see, boredom and the lack of funds (aka…a WWWG Credit Card) keeps me out of the many airport lounges and pubs.



August 22, 2017

Going into town is the cheapest thing that I could do other than sit here and watch the BBC bad mouth Donald Trump some more…and more…they seem to really; they don't like Donald…

"Don't be a hater…be a participator!"

Donald Trump popularity fairs better here in Korea than elsewhere because they understand the "WALL" and the need for it…

In fact, they build their own to keep the 4.5 million (estimate) people in North Korea from being tempted to pick up and relocate to the south in mass.

Walls are understood in this part of the world and the Chinese set the standard that has yet been topped with the Great Wall.

August 22, 2017

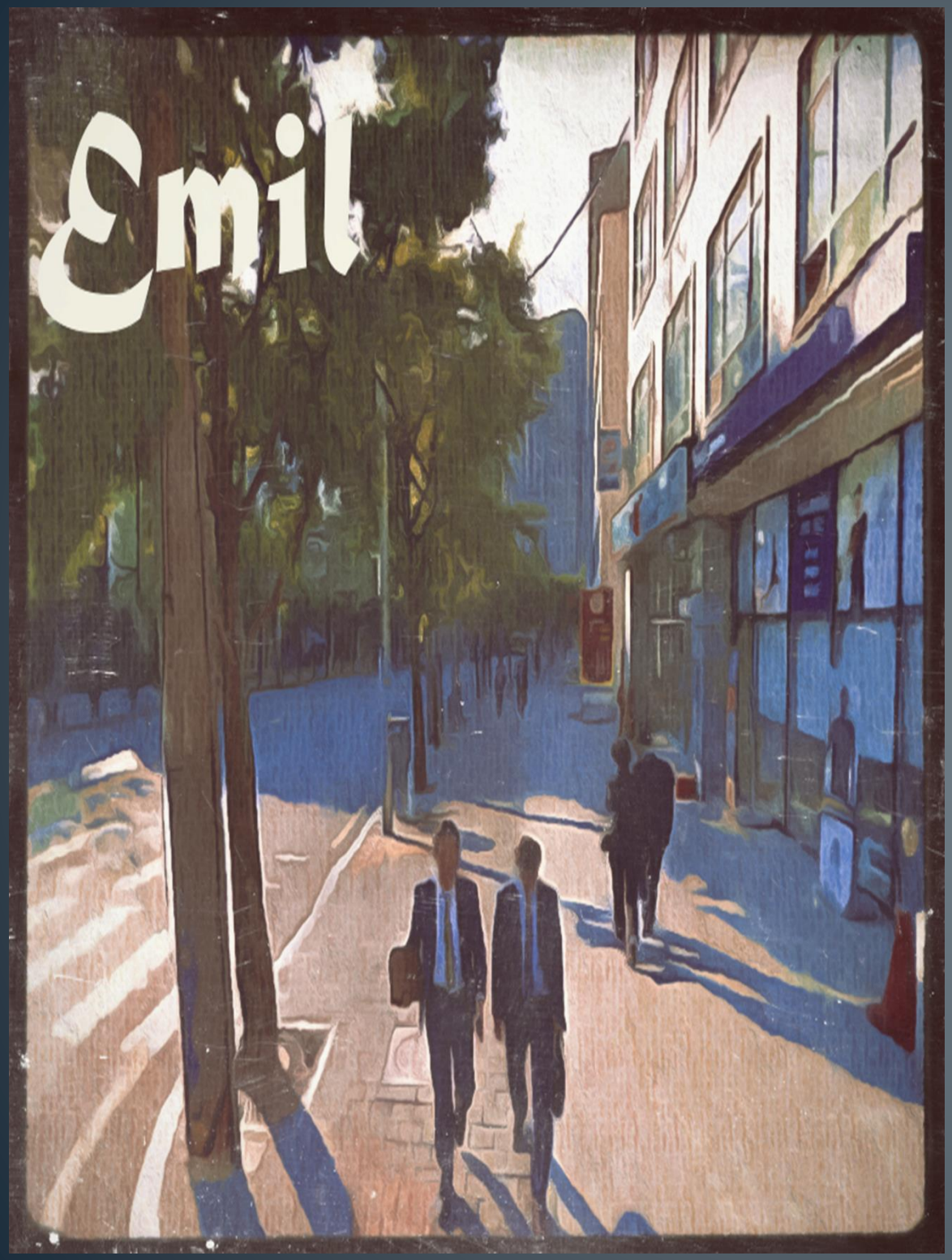
Walt Whitman, the American Poet (and favorite of John Kennedy) wrote that "walls make good neighbors…" and there are more than a few people here who would agree…

The politicians say that it is a military wall to protect Korea and they have said it so much that they and truly, the world believes it to be true…

At least, America does, seeing that they paid to build the wall in the first place.

The reality is, ask any factory, office worker or service sector worker and they will tell you the truth that it "protects our standard of live and our middle class."

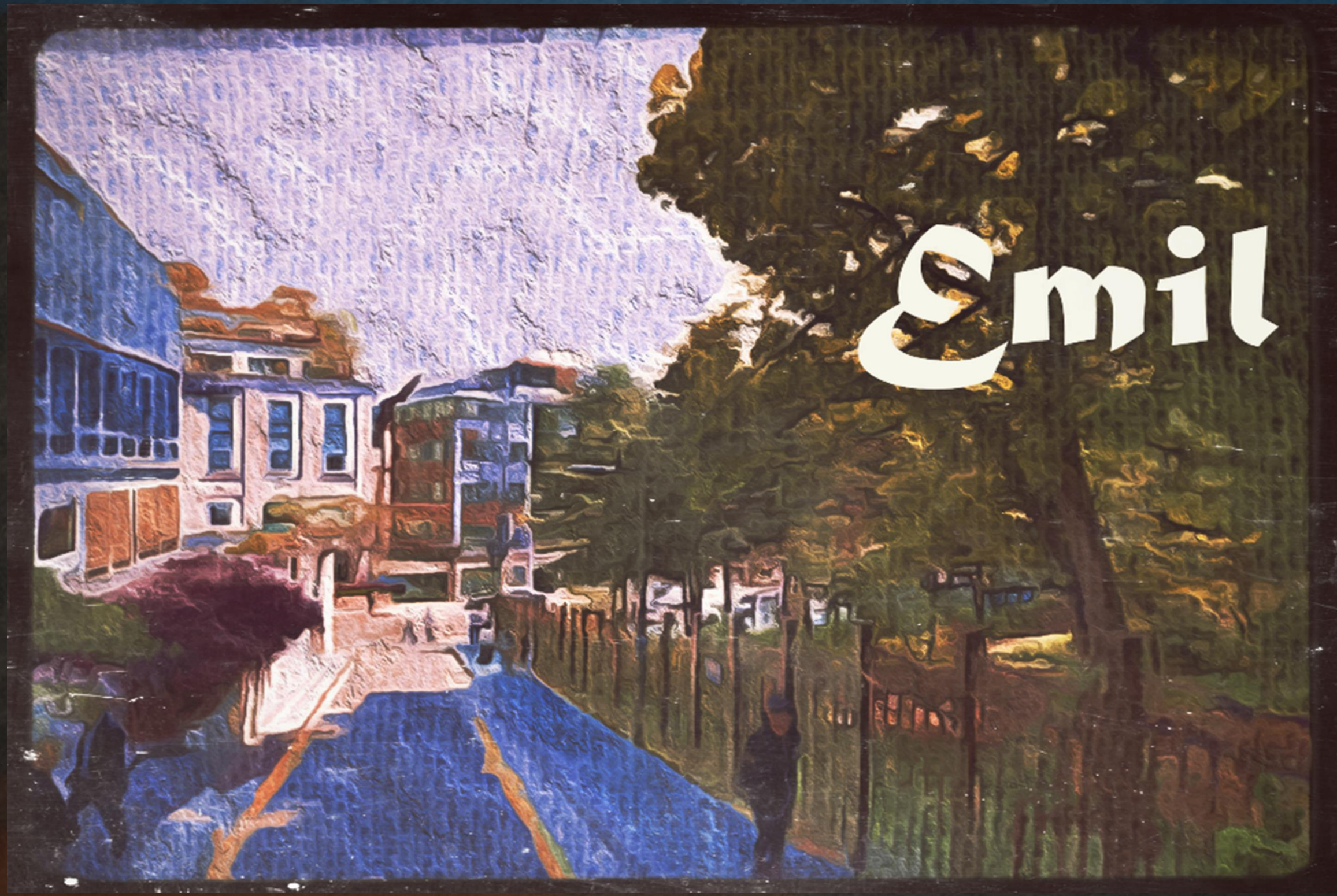
What they mean is that everyone gives lip service to the idea of "One Korea" but, in fact, this is the nightmare that wakes them



August 22, 2017

two-o'clock in the morning in a cold sweat…

They fear the day that the wall comes down and all the people in the north pack and start moving their families south… flooding the South with cheap and plentiful labor…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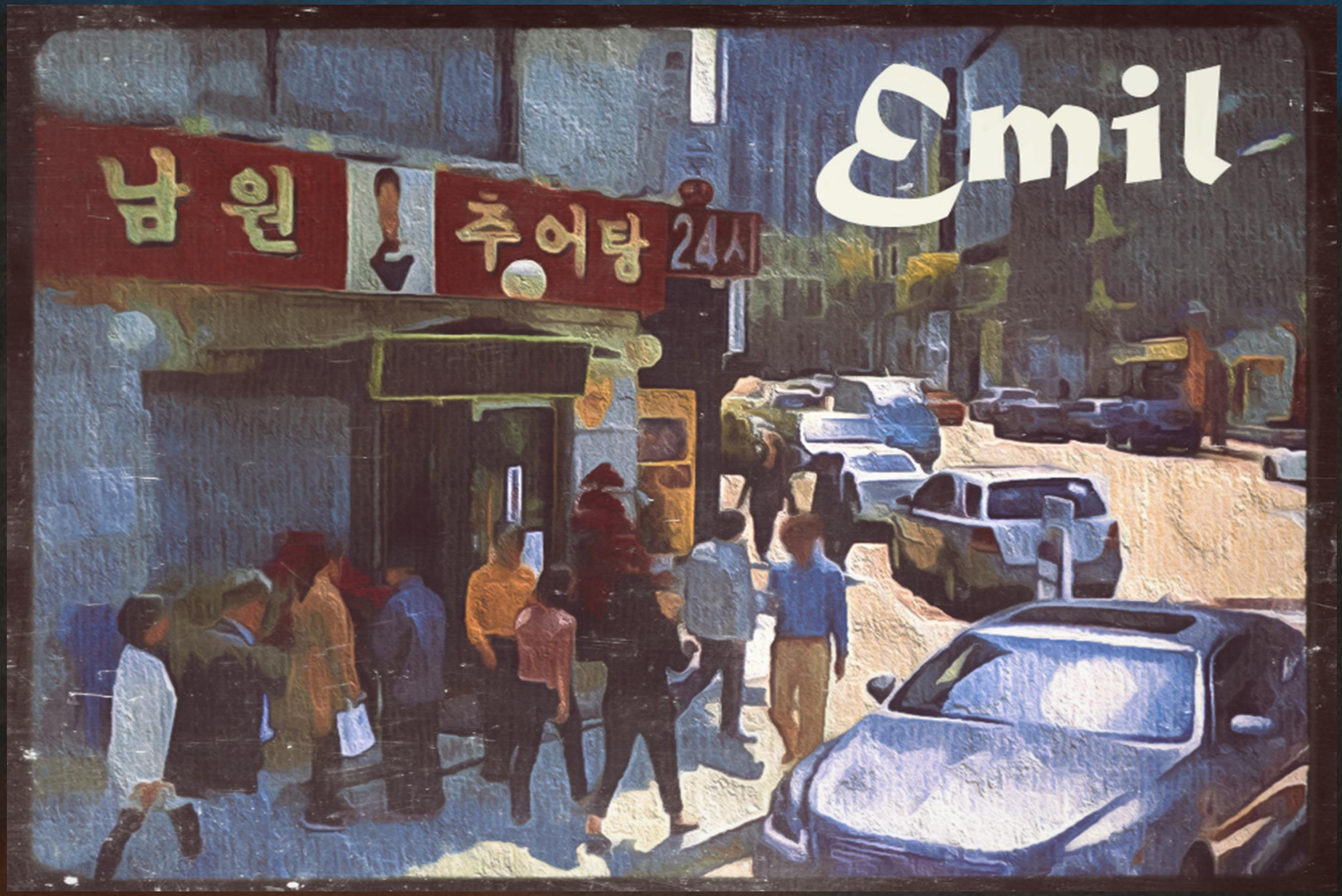
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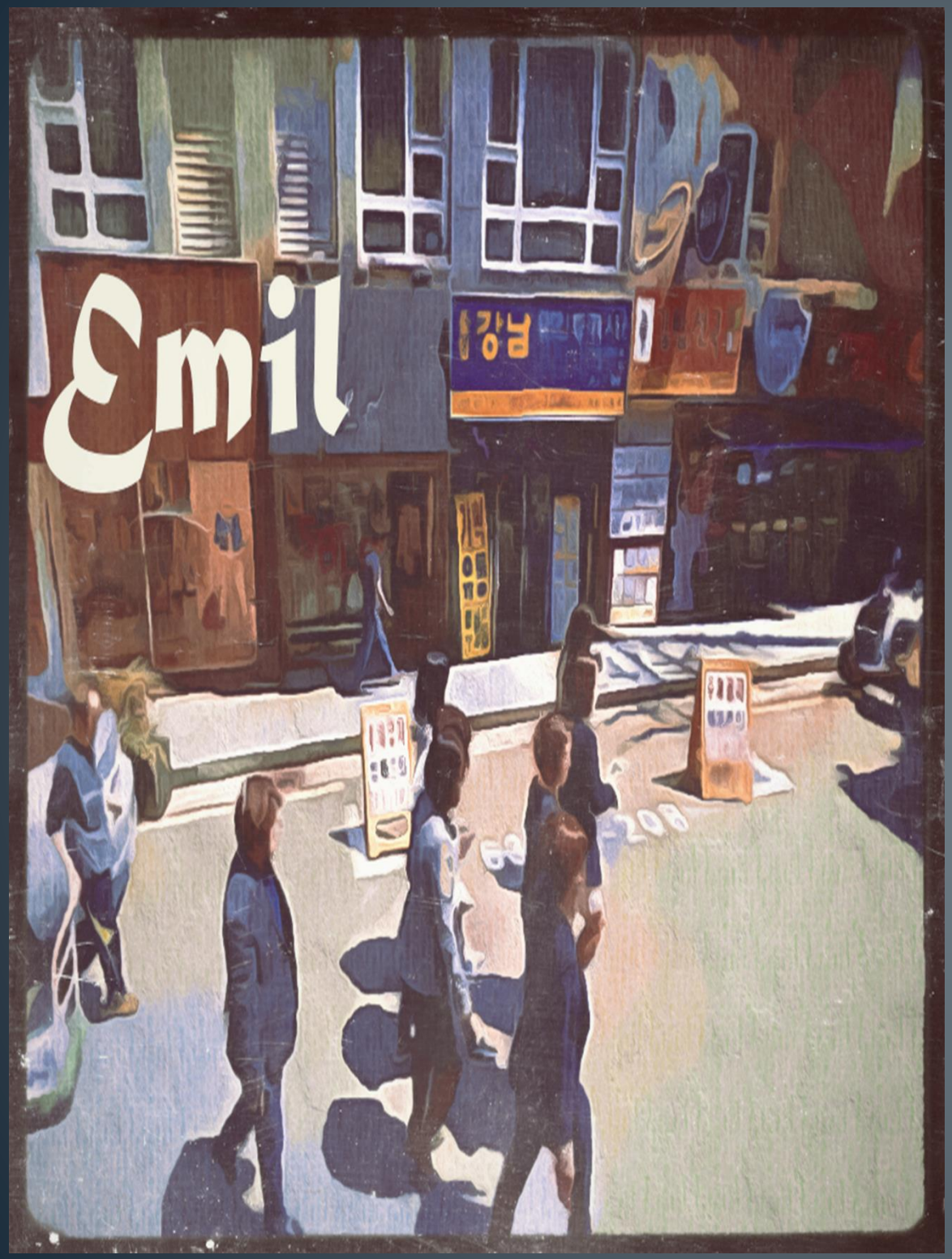
December 2, 2017

As it was a shuddering, 3 degrees today, mixed and matched with a rather stinging whisper of Siberian Winter winds rushing ever southwards down through the hills and unprotected valleys of Seoul, pressing hard against the plastic windows of my cold water, walk up flat, it is nice to kinder and grasp for all of those now faded, those hazy lost days of a harvest fall past...

here in Seoul.



December 2, 2017

Another late morning trip to the subway...neighbors?

Not sure...you never know here...people are fluid and seem to be mere passing glimpses of stories left untold...

Our former guru (James) always impressed upon us...

"Fotos always seem to be easier, at least, it is much quicker than the long conversations that come with hello!"

Being in a hurry on this cold morning, I selected to follow the wise words about not engaging strangers while on company time, so, I snapped a foto in my passing and will file it away for future reference...block watch...NO! Just smart to be aware of my surroundings...old training's break hard...even, today...which struck me as "James would be proud..."

OPEN
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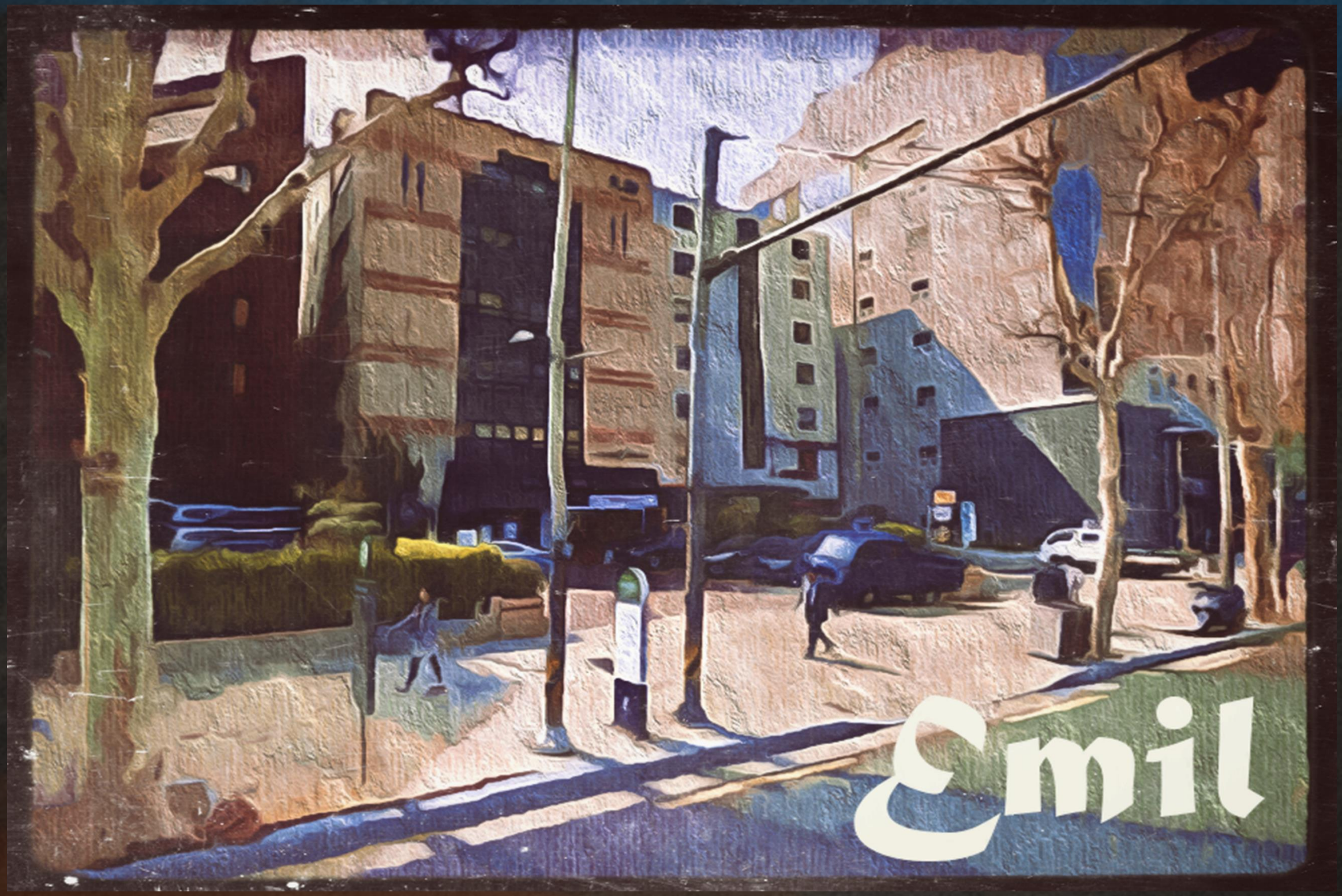
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